IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK

SHORT STORIES

"PIONEER FAMILIES"

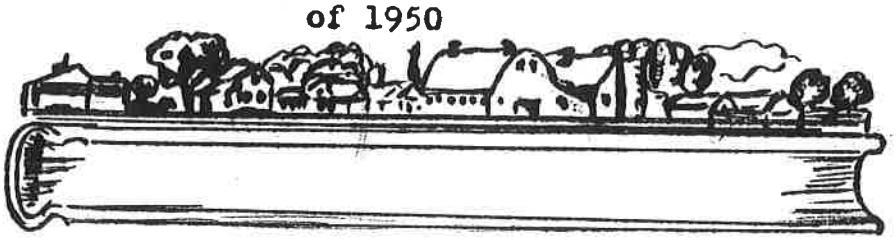
of

INYO COUNTY

by

ATHENA CLUB

of 1950



CONTENTS

PIONEER FAMILIES OF INYO COUNTY

Contributed by
"Pioneer" Athena Members

Pioneer Helen MacKnight Doyle----------Helen MacKnight Doyle
MacQueens, Pioneers----------Helen S. MacQueen
Pioneer Kate Bigelow----------Kate Bigelow Montague
Past Recollections----------Maude E. Truscott

Contributed by
1949-1950 Athena Members

James B. Steward----------Louise Blake
Samuel J. McMurry
Samuel Hall----------Edna Butler
Israel Putnam Yaney----------Elma Crosby
Thomas Edward Jones----------Winifred Deibert
John Shepherd----------Norene James
John Clarke----------Helen Johnson
Arthur Chalfant----------Stella Joseph
Isaac Harris)
Louis Joseph)----------Zetta Joseph
Hugh Enloe)
Washington C. Brierly)----------Mildred Lowden
Joseph V. Skinner----------Frances MacIver
John F. Lubken----------Gena Runkle
Albert & George Collins----------Mildred Symons
Kispert, Meyers, Lacey, McGovern----------Mary Tinder
James B. Chamberlain----------Belva Van Loon
Nathan Hale Gregory)
James William Sherwin)----------Dorothy Vellom
Charles William Wonacott---------- Kathleen Wonacott
Alney T. McGee----------Eva Yaney

EYES THAT SEE NOT

by

Helen MacKnight Doyle

A neighbor's child came in to play
With our young son, one summer's day,
A sober, shy, unyouthful boy
Who seemed a foreigner to joy.

I wondered why, as mothers will,
Then chanced to glance beyond the sill
To where the setting sun's last rays
Kindled the western sky ablaze.

"Come, children, come!" I called and they
Forgot their toys and left their play
To gaze, spellbound, till the neighbor's child
Turned, with his face aglow, and smiled.

"I'll go and tell my mother. She
Never looks at the sun," said he.
Those words explained the pensive lad;
Unseeing eyes have made him sad.

(Published in LIFE & HEALTH magazine)

EYES THAT SEE NOT

by

Helen MacKnight Doyle

A neighbor's child came in to play
With our young son, one summer's day,
A sober, shy, unyouthful boy
Who seemed a foreigner to joy.

I wondered why, as mothers will,
Then chanced to glance beyond the sill
To where the setting sun's last rays
Kindled the western sky ablaze.

"Come, children, come!" I called and they
Forgot their toys and left their play
To gaze, spellbound, till the neighbor's child
Turned, with his face aglow, and smiled.

"I'll go and tell my mother. She
Never looks at the sun," said he.
Those words explained the pensive lad;
Unseeing eyes have made him sad.

(Published in LIFE & HEALTH magazine)

HELEN MacKNIGHT DOYLE - PIONEER

Since I devoted pages 145 to 218 and 319 to 363 in my book "A Child Went Forth" to life as I knew and lived and loved it, in Bishop, I will refrain from repeating what you have probably read.

When I return, in memory, to the valley where we made our home for many years, the founding and growth of Athena plays an important role in the stimulating and enjoyable experiences of those days in what is now known as the Old West.

When Miss Gilpin, now Mrs. Longley, came from Michigan to teach at the Inyo Academy, she assembled a small group of women to study and discuss the work of famous authors and artists. Their eager response to her suggestion showed how much they felt the need of intellectual exercise.

We were most fortunate in having Miss Gilpin as our leader and inspiration. I recall her as lovely to look at, with great charm of manner and intellectual attainments which were never displayed boastfully, but used only to urge us to an understanding and appreciation of the masterpieces of literature and art and a desire to become familiar with them.

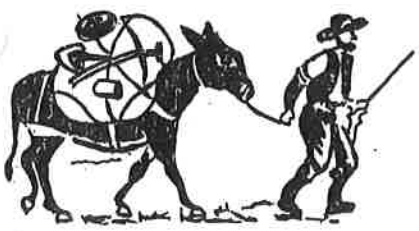
I recall the poetry of Robert Browning as the piece de resistance at the time when I became a member of Athena. Miss Gilpin's courage and optimism is shown by her selection of the work of a poet, often difficult to understand, as the material on which to whet our mental curiosity.

That session with Robert Browning, after years spent studying physiology, Gray's anatomy, and correlated subjects, was an introduction for me to beauty of concept and expression that opened new vistas of recreation and pleasure.

I can still recall Miss Gilpin, her face glowing with admiration of the beauty of the lines, as she read to us from Pippa Passes:

"The year's in the spring
And the day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven -------"

or, from Rabbi Ben Ezra:
"Grow old along with me
The best is yet to be-----"



We were very serious about Athena in those days. When we were given an assignment we read and studied and made every effort to render the subject interesting and stimulating for the group.

I trust you will pardon a bit of personal history which illustrates this statement. I had been asigned one of Dickens' novels to read and review. I read it carefully and made voluminous notes. But when the day of the meeting came, I began to wonder whether I would be able to attend. It seemed an event of even greater importance, to me, was imminent. I recall feeling quite rebellious at Mother Nature, for interfering on such an important occasion. It seemed, after waiting nine months, that she might have delayed things a few hours longer. Although feeling pretty uncomfortable, I kept reviewing the book in my mind and going over my notes, still determined to go to the meeting of Athena. But when our good neighbor, Helen MacQueen came by to accompany me, I had to confess, reluctantly, that I was going to be detained by an event more momentous even than a book review.

Our son arrived January 4th, 1909, before Mrs. MacQueen returned from the meeting. I have never told him how near he came to being born in the bosom of Athena!

Although the members of Athena have taken the work seriously, they have never been self-conscious about their literary pretentions. The delightful social occasions when we relaxed and gathered around the always beautifully decorated and sumptuously provided festive board, encouraged enduring friendships.

The overwhelming majesty of the Sierras and the sturdy pioneer spirit with its wholesome philosophy of living, bequeathed by the early settlers in verdant Owens River Valley, prevented us from growing stuffy about our intellectual pursuits.

Helen MacKnight Doyle

MacQUEENS - PIONEERS

Just as a prelude to my bit of story, will you go with me over the mountains to Columbia, the gem of the ghost towns of California.

All records agree that this picturesque dream of now faded glory, is a typical sample of the romantic Argonaut days in the history of gold mining in California.

Columbia is only a few miles from the town of Sonora. Its beginning dates back to the early 1850's, when the record says Dr. Thaddens Hildreth with his brother and several other miners, camped under a big oak tree. During the night it rained and the next day one of the party, Walker by name, searching in a little gulch, found gold. More and more was found by the party.

Other gold seekers came and soon a town was in the making. One name after another was chosen only to be changed until Major Sullivan named the town Columbia.

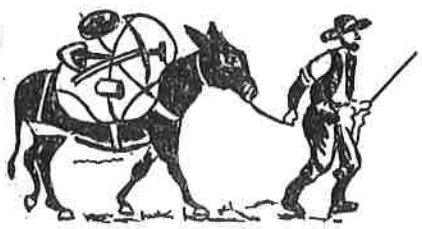
In the exciting months that followed, business houses, a bank and numerous saloons were built. Streets were laid out and marked with big sounding names -- Pacific Avenue, Broadway, and many more. At the end of the second year fire destroyed almost the entire town. But the rebuilding was begun at once. The population at that time was about 20,000. Maybe today there are 350 souls all told in Columbia.

The new business houses were brick and stone so hotels, the Wells Fargo office, homes and churches were permanent. That is why today we find these buildings in good condition, and certainly they are monuments to the courage and ambition of the pioneers who were seeking a pot of gold at the rainbow's end.

In the later years there was voiced the idea of making Columbia part of the State park system. That dream came true, and on July 15, 1945, with elaborate ceremonies, Columbia, the gem of the Southern mines, was saluted as our new State Park.

No state has a more romantic history than our California and none with a more complete record of successes and failures. Long live Columbia, and the heritage she leaves our State.

Now the personal interest in Columbia, to me, lies in the fact that my father, William G. Squire, met the



girl there who became his wife, and who was my mother. This was about 1861-62. Soon after this, my father and mother in company with friends, Charles and Anna Parsons, decided to go across the mountains seeking a home. Riding horseback, the two couples came over Bloody Canyon trail in early autumn, reaching the valley we call Round.

I wonder what the thoughts of that quartet might have been as they reached the floor of the valley and saw the naked heights of Mt. Tom guarding the west, and the tawny sands stretching across the valley to the White Mountains, which are ages older than the Sierras. An inspiring sight, it must have been.

Maybe those eager homeseekers had thoughts akin to those expressed by my parents' great grandson in a recent poem, "The Humanist":

The long horns boom softly
Down the valley.
Little bells will rustle
With the grass.
Grand night is stretching
And swallowing the sun.
Peace and fire
Will keep the shephard home.
Where? Where on earth
Is the twilight calm and graceful,
Can the distant smoke's straight throw
For the moon, mean welcome.
Or is that only heaven
Tied to images we know.
Each has his hate and love,
Grant him, each his dream.
Well, this is mine:
That heaven is as true here, as there.

A few families had already settled in the Valley Round. My father bought a farm on the west side, while Charles and Anna chose one toward the eastern side, looking toward Bishop.

And by the way, Anna had traveled from east Canada, 'around the horn' to be the bride of Charles Parsons in 1861. Many tales she told me of that month's long journey by boat to San Francisco.

The life of those settlers in the Valley Round was grim and full of hardships. All supplies came by freight teams over the mountains from San Francisco to Carson, Nevada. One winter there was no white flour, only corn meal for bread. The definition of pioneers states that pioneers are those who go before and prepare the way for others to follow. The early settlers of Inyo were certainly true pioneers.

On the farm my father purchased was a cobblestone house and in this house my brother, my sister and I were born. The first white child born in the Valley Round was my brother George.

When my sister Jessie was a year old the family moved to Independence, my father having traded the farm for a hotel named Blaney House. Within a few months my mother passed away. Later in the spring father decided to take my brother and me to his sister in Syracuse, New York. We traveled day and night over the mountains by stagecoach to Stockton, where we took the train. I have vivid memories of that stage and railroad journey across the country.

My sister Jessie stayed behind, intrusted to the loving care of the dear friend, Anna Parsons. Her playmates on the farm in Round Valley were Indian children and of course Jessie learned the Paiute language like a native. As she grew up, whenever there were court proceedings involving Indians, she was usually called as interpreter.

I came back to California in 1887, to visit my sister and spent two lovely years in Round Valley on the ranch. It was an all-day event when we went to Bishop. Of stores there was a general store on the southwest corner of Main and Line streets and another on the north-east corner. On Main Street, up and down, there were two hotels, blacksmith shops, a livery stable and many saloons. No sidewalks, just paths, and little ditches carrying water for the yards and gardens of the residences on the side streets. There was a Baptist Church and a Methodist organization, the first churches in Inyo. There was also a dance hall where many happy dances were held for the young people, and for those not so young.

Going into the stores and asking prices, it was usual to hear "Two bits" and "four bits" and "six bits", but this was quickly translat into twenty-five, fifty and seventy-five cents. When I asked about ten cents, I was told "Oh, that's a short bit." As for five cent pieces, or pennies, there were none. It was a number of years after I came back before they were in use. My sister was quite embarrassed at my ignorance of the money situation.

Shortly after I returned to Inyo, the Nevada Council of Methodists made plans to establish an Academy of higher education. In 1886 a building was erected and the work was successful. But in a few years it became a financial burden and the school closed. Immediately after this a movement was promoted to secure state aid for the establishment of a high school, and by 1901 this was on the way and the Academy building was purchased. But it was in a room of the grammar school where the first year of high school began with one teacher. And with pride we look at the high school of today in Bishop.

Starting the high school gave impetus to the idea of our growing and a desire to have Bishop incorporated. Six hundred people, no less, had to be residents. In 1901 we had a Woman's Civic Club, so we were enlisted to help with the census, and count we did.

The men discovered that a new family had come into the neighborhood, but outside our incorporation limit. No time was lost in finding a place for this family to live and among those eligible. Just

think, that man had nine children. Then there was an Indian with almost a dozen children and he was promptly made a resident. So at last we could count the necessary souls and filed papers to incorporate our town of Bishop, granting it the title of City of the Sixth Class.

We then proceeded to secure fire protection, a better water supply and other forward movements. A bank -- a boon to us, for now there was really a place to put pennies and, maybe, dollars. Up to that time any extra cash was, perhaps, in a tin box on the closet shelf. I have today the small tin box where our pennies were hoarded. Until the bank was organized, surplus money was sent to San Francisco to the Wells Fargo Bank. All this was before Athena was born.

Bishop progressed. Our high school grew and year by year the teaching staff took on additions, and in September 1906 Caroline Gilpin, a charming and cultured girl, arrived to serve as Principal, and it was due to her inspiration and help that the Athena Club was formed. It was limited to twenty -- females. We met the first several times at my house. Later in the year when the building of the Aqueduct was being started, a group of young engineers with their wives arrived. The town offered very little interest and these young women were eager to join us. So, waiving our bylaws we gathered in both wives and husbands, also the husbands of our Bishop members.

At the completion of the Aqueduct the Club settled back to its original twenty members. But there was one esteemed member who steadfastly refused to stay in the Club if friend-husband was banished. So our good "Winn" stayed on.

Time passed, I forget just how long a period, and Athena decided to join the State Federation of Women's Clubs. That meant our dear Winn must step out.

In the Club we had no dues, just special assessments for the yearly banquet and social activities. We always had one to three guests at the banquets. Some old programs would show you our procedures, with speeches and songs to make a jolly evening. Motions and motions to make banquet plans, motions made only to be revised and made all over again, was such fun, and Robert's Rules of Order was our constant guide. At times we leased some available room for meetings but generally they were held in the homes of the members, as I believe they are at the present time.

And from here you all may write another Chapter. Happy Memories, of my Athena.

Helen S. MacQuella

Charter Member, Athena 1906

KATE BIGELOW MONTAGUE - PIONEER

Mountain View, California
September 12, 1949

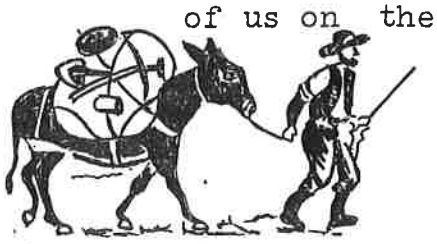
To Athena Club Members:

About the pioneer sketch -- as I was getting some notes together, my brother Bob visited us and I could ask him about things that he remembers better than I do. But he agrees with me that the Bigelows can hardly be called a pioneer family of Inyo County. We came to Owens Valley in 1895. As you know, the western side of the valley was well settled by that time, and "across the river", in the Poleta district where we later lived, the Collins ranches -- A. O.'s and George's -- the Geiger and Hampton ranches (as well as many at Laws) were well established. Of course the early days of Indian fighting and homesteading were long past, yet alfalfa fields were still being grubbed out from sagebrush and most ranches had an Indian camp in some secluded hollow of its willows and cottonwoods.

But although we cannot claim to have been pioneers, it occurs to me that this 1895-1910 period may be a sort of transition from the early days to more recent times, and that what notes I can give you may help to fill in your complete records.

Bob tells me that we first heard of Inyo County from a man named Hendricks whom we met in Lakeview, Oregon. Like many others of the "hard times" nineties, we were on our way south that summer from two devastating years in the wheat-growing region of southeastern Washington -- a year of rain so heavy the wheat sprouted in the ear, then a year of bumper crops but of prices slumped to 25¢ a bushel. All along the Oregon roads were families seeking a more reliable climate and means of livelihood. Most of us were in covered wagons. My father, who had "crossed the plains" at the age of eleven behind an ox team, loved migration, I think, for its own sake; it seems sad that he did not live into the age of trailers! On this trek south, we chummed along with other families as people do today in trailers. When I read a few years ago in "Honey in the Horn" of wild shooting days in Oregon at the turn of the century, I could not recognize the pleasant farms and the kindly people we found along the way.

That was the summer when the Whites, whom we had known at Colfax, Washington, came to California. The Bells, who later settled in West Bishop too, were four days ahead of us on the road.



The Mr. Hendricks, whom we met at Lakeview, had a son, Lyman, already in Bishop. He had married one of the Boyd girls. This family of Boyds lived for a time in the Warm Springs district -- Bessie Boyd, Charlie and Frank, and a sister who had married a Mr. Bicknell. I have never heard where they went from Bishop, but I mention them as one of the few families of that migration who did not find Owens Valley the end of a rainbow. Will Irwin and his parents and sisters came to Inyo the year we came; Clyde May and his folks came about the same time.

Mr. Hendricks told us, and I imagine others, of Owens Valley. I believe what attracted us all was the report that crops were grown there by irrigation, that one did not depend on rainfall. How persistently water figures in the saga of the Valley!

Like the others, we changed our course to Inyo County. I never look down from the Sherwin Hill without thinking of that August day when we saw for the first time the valley, where my brothers and I were to grow up, shimmering in summer haze. (How many who read this I wonder, will remember the cave beside the old road on the Rock Creek grade where we used to play robbers on mountain trips as children?)

Our first stopping place in the Valley was at the Chamberlain ranch where we were generously treated to our first taste of Owens Valley honey. I remember my mother telling the friendly Chamberlains that we seemed indeed to have reached the "land of milk and honey". We camped next at the hospitable Powers ranch south of town, and that first winter lived in the home of "Preacher" Clark, the greatly loved pioneer minister of the Baptist Church. The next year we rented the Ben Leete place in Warm Springs close to the L. P. Yandell family. Those summer days when my younger brothers and the Yandell boys "herded cows" at corners of alfalfa fields had a happy continuation years later when the Yandells bought a ranch next to ours in Poleta. There we "changed work" together through years of haymaking.

The ranch in Poleta we bought from a railroad conductor named Stock who was eager to dispose of it to get out from under the ribbing he got about it from his railroad crew. A story was told of a telegram he once received from the railroad office reading: "Big washout on the Stock ranch." He wired madly to find the extent of the damage, and found that the tenants then on the place, who had several babies, had a large wash out on the line as the train passed.

The ranch then had 12 acres in alfalfa. When it was sold to Los Angeles in 1923, about 150 acres were in cultivation. In one year 800 tons of alfalfa were stacked on it.

When I asked Bob about conditions in Owens Valley in 1895, he said, "It was a country of very little money and lots to eat." Our life, as we lived it then, seemed frugal. We had little candy, cake chiefly on Sunday. But we grew our own potatoes, pumpkins, squash, beans, parsnips, carrots, besides of course all the summer vegetables. We dried corn and canned gallons of tomatoes. Our

cellars were lined with canned fruit, jams and pickles. We cured our own pork. How often many of us must have thought, in wartime days of standing in line with a ration card, of the old chopping blocks in our cellars where we sliced bacon and cut off great slabs of ham. And butter -- real farm butter. Even the poorest struggling ranch had cows. It was before the time of selling to dairies, and our tables held pitchers of truly "whole" milk and unseparated cream. Will Trickey, who had an apiary on a corner of our ranch, kept us supplied with his world-famous honey.

My mother made her own laundry soap, baked her bread, scrubbed, washed, ironed and mended for her five children, and still found time and energy for church work and eager interest in community and national affairs. For some years she taught the Poleta school in addition to all the rest. I shall always remember gratefully that in our most frugal years she managed to have the Youth's Companion and Century in our home. We had books -- Dickens, Cooper, Jules Verne, Louisa Alcott, the Brontes -- when we couldn't afford coffee and sugar. I wonder if we could carry on as our mothers and grandmothers did. But it was a wholesome simpler life without our gadgets of today. After all, they didn't have to wax hardwood floors. They didn't have to take care of Modern Conveniences!

And seriously, I have always felt that we who lived in Owens Valley in those early struggling days found great strength and stimulation just in the beauty of the scenery about us. Drudgery could hardly be drudgery when kitchen windows framed scenes of mountain grandeur that the rest of the world journeys to Switzerland to see. Where else does a moon ride so splendidly as over that high-arching desert sky? The sun dropping behind Mr. Tom, the ever-changing colors as sunset and dusk meet on Mt. Williamson -- surely such pageantry give epic loveliness to a workaday world.

Kate Bigelow Montague

MAUDE TRUSCOTT - PIONEER

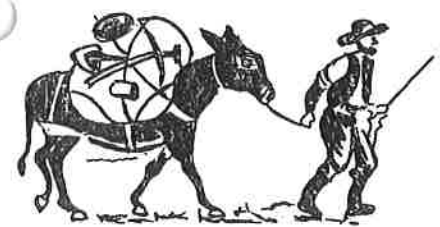
Miss Maude Truscott's parents, Sidney and Sabina Truscott, were both natives of St. Anstell, Cornwall, England. Being interested in mining, her father first went to South America and stayed some time in Peru. Later he went to Gold Hill, Nevada, and after a few years he returned to England and married Sabina Crossman. They left shortly for America and made Gold Hill their home.

In Gold Hill, Nevada, 1871 was the year
To Mr. & Mrs. Truscott there was born a little dear.
They named the baby "Maude Ella"
And they loved her very well.
She's the heroine of the story we are
just about to tell.

Her little sister Janie made the family complete
In the little town of Gold Hill this
family's life was sweet.
Our Maude went to the University to
finish up her schooling
And she studied hard at her lessons to
live up to every ruling.

Then she came to the town of Bishop
At school- teaching she was new
And though there weren't many people,
She still found much to do.
And here in Owens Valley,
Surrounded by mountains grand
She knew she'd found the place to live
Unsurpassed in any land.

She had the great good fortune
To have pupils from each part
Of the beautiful Owens Valley,
And she helped them get their start
In the kind of life they'd chosen,
In the way they'd like to live,
She always felt that every pupil had
Something fine to give.
School-teaching was her profession,
That's what she wanted to do,
And that's the way she lived her life
Till her teaching days were through.



She found that folks in Bishop
Were friendly and very fine;
To help their neighbors and each other
They could always find the time.

With her fellow-teachers throughout the years
She never once lost touch,
News of what they were doing
Has always meant so much.
She has wonderful memories of Bishop
That she never will forget,
If you ask about any of her pupils,
She's able to tell you yet.

The most beautiful memory in her heart,
As we've often heard her tell
Is the party and lovely diamond ring
They gave her when she said "Farewell"
To teaching and school and papers and
books, but wait, -- that wasn't all,
You gave her something to last forever
When you named for her "Truscott Hall".
-----Maude Collett

"PAST RECOLLECTIONS"

by
Maude E. Truscott

As I stand on the outer circle of life, I find it difficult to make an inventory of my childhood. That inventory is rather vague now that I am at the age of seventy-eight. There are three places of outstanding interest in my life as I have lived it: Virginia City, Gold Hill, and the Bishop district.

Like most mining camps, Virginia City and Gold Hill had homes whose foundations were unsafe due to underground tunneling. In fact, one storekeeper found he had no store when he returned from his dinner. The Episcopal Church in Gold Hill was near a large mine whose machinery weakened the foundation because of the vibration from the hoisting of ore.

In 1892 while I was a student at the University of Nevada, the President of the University extended me an invitation to join his party in descending the "C and C" shaft, the deepest mine on the Comstock at that time. Every member of the party donned miner's uniform. In some of the drifts the atmosphere was so cold and damp that coats were necessary. One drift, on the other hand, was so hot that compressed air was fanned against a canvas at the opening of the drift to keep the air in circulation for men at work. After that trip I was impressed with the fact that miners deserved more than four dollars for eight hours of labor.

When one is at the age of nineteen anything seems "like a lark" so it was my experience to fully enjoy my trip down the shaft.

When we returned to Reno by buggy we went by way of the Geiger Grade. Our buggy was really a fancy coach called a "rock-away". The Geiger Grade was named after the father of Charles Geiger who later lived near Laws on a ranch.

Gold Hill was much hillier country than Virginia City. You can imagine what it was like on election day when I tell you a drunken man fell from the top of a hill and rolled to the bottom without any ill effects. When his friends came to pick up his remains, he got up, shook himself and said, "This is the driest election day God ever made." Virginia City itself had no hills so I never heard of similar events on election day in its precincts.

In the 'Ravine' in Gold Hill where I was born, every spot of land was taken up by homes of miners. I often thought how much the houses resembled bird cages as they hung apparently suspended on the two walls of the 'Ravine'.

There was a bridge across the Ravine over which that famous Virginia and Truckee Railway was laid. The legend of this Railway is awash with great names and fabulous fifty-two-a-day operations. All through my childhood it was a link with my life and the outside world. Many a time I have stood with my sister and watched the train rumble over the bridge across the Ravine. With the passing of this famous old Virginia and Truckee Railway I have lost a sweet memory of my past. The Ravine is now filled with debris, and what once was a piece of faded tapestry has vanished from the face of the earth.

In 1893 I started on my biggest adventure and what was to be my life's work -- teaching school. My destination was the town of Laws in Inyo County. I rode on the "narrow gauge", later known as the "Slim Princess". I taught one year in Laws in an old wooden structure to which the yellow jackets had free access. I learned to apply mud to all parts of the anatomies of my pupils who were susceptible to the stings of those terrible insects.

I went to Bishop the next year and took a position as first grade teacher. The building where I taught still stands and still houses two grades of the grammar school, the town hall, and the fire engine.

During my forty-nine years of teaching experience, three events are outstanding: The town of Bishop was incorporated through the successful efforts of the Woman's Improvement Club; "local option" was carried by a big majority, and Los Angeles drained the life-stream of the Valley as far as farming was concerned.

"Teacher's Institute" formed a very important part of my life as teacher in the Bishop Schools. These Institutes were held annually

and, as now, attendance was obligatory. Discussions and work were done by the teachers themselves. Teaching problems were open for discussions at these meetings and the teachers took an active part in the presentation of programs (musical and literary entertainment). Today lecturers are obtained through county funds and the teachers sit and listen to ideas as presented by outside speakers.

I am reminded of one of my institute experiences which seemed tragic at first but which turned out all right because of the efforts of a kindly conductor. I still have the programme of that Inyo County Institute held in Independence in 1899 - over 50 years ago. A friend of mine whose earlier home was in Independence, suggested that she accompany me on the trip. We decided not to load ourselves down with hat boxes and suit cases, so a very small steamer trunk was used to hold our wardrobe for this special trip. We rode to Laws in a light spring-buggy, the only kind of vehicle used at that time. The trunk was checked. After we had boarded the little train, I had a presentiment that the trunk had been overlooked, and upon checking with the conductor I found it had been left behind at the Laws station. After some argument, the conductor had the train backed two miles to pick up the trunk. There it was, sitting on the platform where it had been left by the station agent and my friend's husband as a joke. The conductor was heard to remark: "That's a rough joke to play on two such nice ladies!".

Many changes have taken place in the school system since that Institute of fifty years ago. Then there was one teacher who handled all the grades and who held forth in the dear little old red school house, emphasizing 'readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic'. Penmanship was stressed in those days. I recall a contest which I held in the third grade for the pupil who was best in penmanship. Two boys who grew up to be fine Bishop citizens tied for first place. Each one received a copy of "Black Beauty" which he still cherishes, and he points with pride to this book as a memento of the day when "Dad was best in penmanship".

In conclusion, I would like to pay a tribute to dear old Mt. Tom who still holds faithful guardianship over the inhabitants of Bishop.

To Mt. Tom who stands as guardian of
those who dwell in the emerald Valley below;
He stands as a symbol of strength,
Rearing his mighty form toward the sky.
Over his shoulders the softening
shadows spread,
Beautiful sunsets shed radiance
o'er his head.

Maud E. Truscott

THE STEWARD FAMILY

The movement of gold-seeking adventurers brought another man west in search of his fortune. This man was James B. Steward destined to become a pioneer and settler at Big Pine. He was born in 1833 and left his home in Maine to come to the mining fields in the west. There he met Herb Wells with whom he came to Big Pine in 1871.

In 1872 James went with Bob Love to Visalia to buy cattle. On their way back they stopped at a warm spring at Black Rock Ranch. Many of the cattle died after eating wild parsnip there at the springs. This was the beginning and the end of James' first adventure in the cattle business. He helped Bob Love drive the cattle to Love's land claim at Five Bridges. Thereupon he sold Love his share of the cattle. He came back to Big Pine and bought a saw mill.

This saw mill was located on Big Pine Creek two and a half miles west of Sage Flats. The logs were cut on Baker Creek and dragged from the logging flats with four yoke of oxen. Iron left from the saw mill can still be seen at the site of the saw mill. Oxen shoes and chains have recently been picked up on the way to Baker Creek. On the logging flats the stumps of the trees are still standing. Often a log which was overlooked or fell from the load can still be seen on the trail.

For a place to put his lumber, Jim chose a site a mile south and east of Big Pine and homesteaded 320 acres of land. Their homestead adjoined some of the McMurry land on the north.

Jim experienced the earthquake of 1872. He and Chris Engle were hauling logs with oxen on Saw Mill Creek north of Independence. He told the story of how Chris would go up on the rises of the earth, while he would go down. Then he would go up and Chris would go down. Both were watching the rocks rolling down the mountains and busily avoiding them. The crevice can still be seen from north and west of the County Farm to Black Rock.

Meanwhile Bill MacDonald was writing his sister-in-law in Nova Scotia. He told her of two eligible bachelors living in Big Pine. One owned a saw mill and the other owned Red Mountain Ranch. Annie MacDonald and her small daughter Jennie came to Big Pine to visit.

Jim, with his buggy and spirited team of horses courted and won Annie. Within six months they were married and built their home c the homestead. To them were born four boys: Joseph, James, William, and Albert. All four boys were born at the ranch in the same room of the old home.

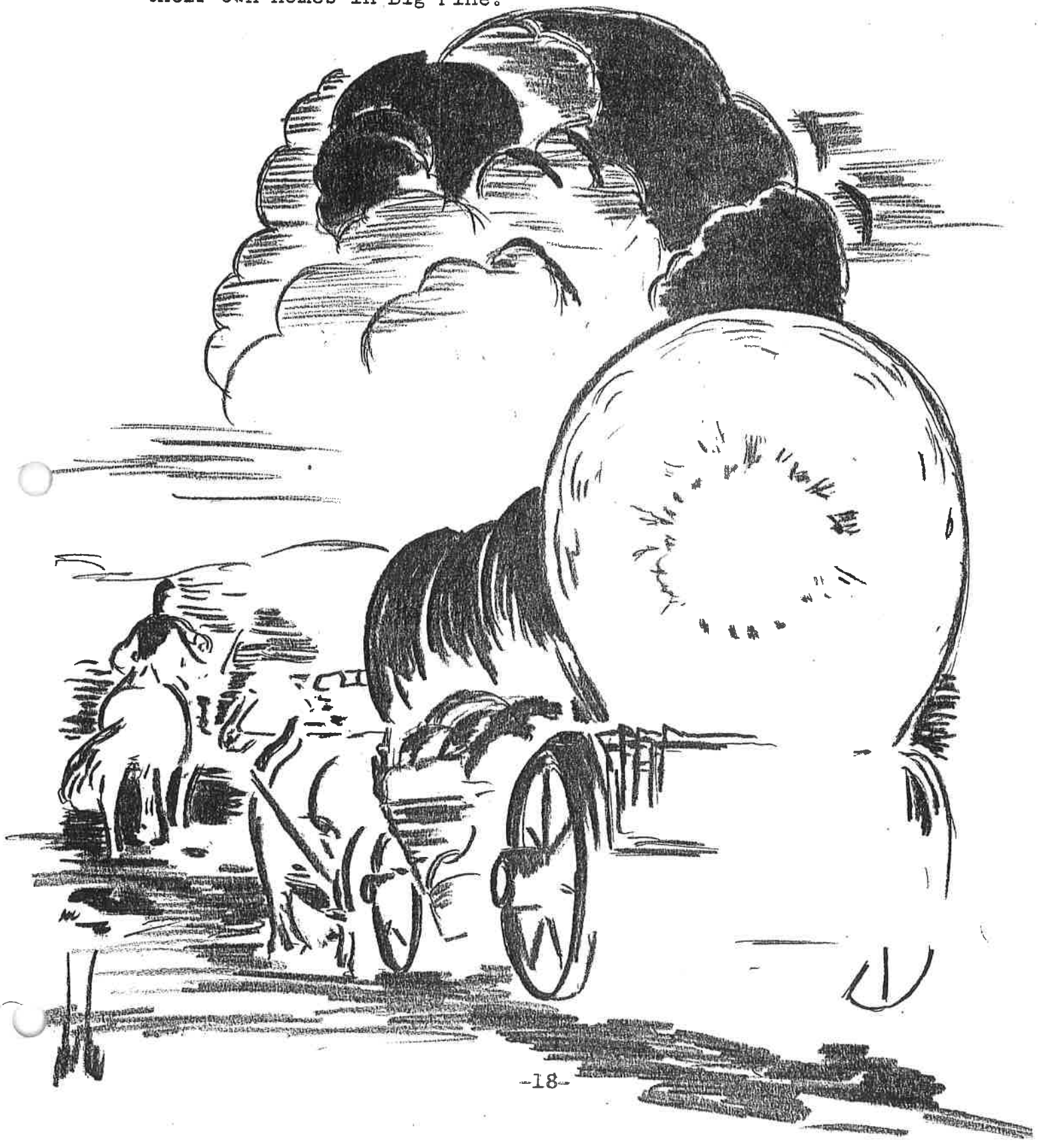
Their wheat was milled at Kilpatrick Mill on Bishop Creek or at the Bell Mill at Independence. A Desert Claim was placed on Sage Flats and so much work had to be done in order to retain it. After the boys were older, they, with Indian help, built fences, dug ditches, sowed seed and put cattle on it. The cattle grazed over this land and as far as Seventh Lake. A permit was granted for a few years after the government took over the land for the tourists. The marketing of the cattle was done in San Francisco, shipping over the narrow gauge railroad out of Big Pine. There was a big celebration with a picnic when the first spike was driven for the railroad.

James B. Steward, the father, died May 7, 1892 at the age of 59 years. Annie was left with four small boys. Every boy helped with the ranch work. Cattle and sheep were purchased, each boy being responsible for some of each herd. In 1904 when the sheep were bought, the boys were known as "Steward Brothers". In the summer the sheep were taken to Coyote Valley or Monache. About the first of November the sheep were taken to Bakersfield for the winter. Sections of land were rented in Bakersfield for sheep grazing. It took thirty days on foot to make the trip. A grub wagon with four mules and a saddle horse went ahead, stopping at a destination where the sheep would stop for the night. About the first of April they would make the return trip to Big Pine, arriving the first of June. They followed the old stage coach route over Baker Grade through Walker's Pass. Coming back it would take sixty days as the sheep fed on the way. The Steward Brothers watched the open country around Bakersfield thickly settle with ranches and orchards. Joe Steward named sixty or more ranches that were at one time in Big Pine.

Anna L. Steward died at the age of 63 years, September 21, 1906. Both she and her husband are buried in the Big Pine cemetery. At the time of her death, she deeded the boys the homestead and Sage Flats, which were recorded at Independence. The old home was torn down to make way for sheep sheds.

Jim, the oldest son, married Villa Partridge and they lived in the old home for awhile, the other three brothers lived with them until each one was married. Jim and Villa have three girls, Irma, Ann, and Blanche. Joe married Grace Moller August 20, 1913. She was a Los Angeles school teacher who came to Big Pine to visit her aunt and uncle. Bill married Kate Bartell and they have one son Kenneth. Bert married Mary Kixmiller and they had two children, Marvin who was taken in an accident at the age of fifteen, and Burnice.

Each brother built his own home on the old Steward Ranch. They had a joint account, each with a checkbook drawing on the same account. The "Steward Brothers" were dissolved in 1924 when they sold to the City. All the brothers are still living and have their own homes in Big Pine.



THE McMURRY FAMILY

Samuel Jackson McMurry, born in Tennessee June 11, 1833, and Elsie Jane Barlow, born in Indiana, September 5, 1835, were married in Illinois September 5, 1856. To this union were born seven children, six boys and one girl. William Perry, born July 27, 1857; Jonathon W. born May 5, 1859; Henry H. born July 29, 1861; Andrew J. born September 28, 1863; James B. born November 29, 1865; Laura Bell born November 10, 1867; Samuel Goforth born March 15, 1873.

James B. died in infancy October 9, 1867, one month before the only girl in the family was born. These statistics were taken from the McMurry family bible.

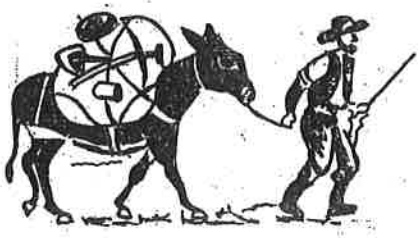
From the peaceful town of Coatsburg, Illinois, Adams County, Samuel Jackson took his wife and children. The youngest was only six months old when they left for a new home in the west. Big Pine, California, was their destination and being farmers they went to acquire land. Samuel's brother, Jonathon, had been corresponding with them and told of the possibilities and promises of the rich fields.

They came by stagecoach to Carson City. Coming by stagecoach, only the bare necessities were packed. They were met by Jonathon who brought them to Big Pine in a coach. Little is known of their journey because the informer was too young to remember.

Jonathon was well established in Big Pine. He owned Deep Springs Valley with Deep Springs Lake. He had homesteaded 160 acres north of Big Pine. He was a miner working in the mines at Fish Springs. Later he owned a store and a hotel. His sons drove the teams of his freight lines. His oldest daughter married Henry Burt and they built a house in Big Pine, which is known to be the oldest house there. A Standard Station now stands where Jonathan had his store and a motel where he had his hotel.

Samuel Jackson and his family arrived in the fall of 1873 to this new land that promised so well. No one anticipated Indian trouble as the last attack was in 1864 when 47 Indians were driven into Owens Lake. Only one Indian escaped the skirmish.

The land pleased them, and they homesteaded one mile south of Big Pine. The highway now runs through the McMurry homestead. Samuel Jackson was always careful to



provide for his sons when they married, with land. All the sons had adjoining ranches with their father.

Clearing the land was a task, but none shirked. All his sons worked with their father. It was an exciting time too. They selected a site for their future home. The lumber was milled at the Steward saw mill on Big Pine Creek.

The new home was built. Cattle, hogs, and sheep were acquired. Indians helped with the ranch work. There was plenty of water. From then on they were self sufficient. The only things they bought were sugar and coffee. The butter and eggs paid for that. Wheat was grown only for their own use and milled for flour at the Bell Mill on Oak Creek at Fort Independence. The extra wheat was traded for the milling. Samuel got their salt from Saline Valley which was 99.5 percent pure. Garden vegetables such as cabbages were covered with earth and left in the garden until ready for use. Jane was always busy. The pantry was full of hams, bacon, pickled pigs feet and sauerkraut. For lights they used rags in bowls of grease, or candles made of tallow. For quick lighting they loosely rolled paper, folded at the end. Sometimes they bought sulphur matches in blocks.

Game was everywhere. Samuel Goforth says, "There were quail on our own ranch then, as there is now in the whole valley." Fishing was plentiful, only catching what fish they wanted for a meal. For a really good fish dinner, the fish must be so fresh that they would wiggle in the pan when fried.

The motto of the McMurry Ranch was "Never take anything from the ranch that can't walk." Cattle and horses were driven to Mojave to be shipped on the train to Los Angeles. Horses were in demand in Los Angeles and Owens Valley horses would bring $20.00 to $40.00 more because they could stand the hard streets. Nado, a hotel owner in Los Angeles, also ran a freight wagon with twenty mules to Carson City. He made the trip every sixteen or eighteen days. When it was time to take the livestock to Mojave, Nado, who came back empty from Carson City, would load the hay to be scattered at the place where the cattle were to stop for the night. It would take approximately two weeks to make the trip to Mojave. These drives were uneventful, with no stampedes. Top prices were received for Owens Valley cattle. When in 1882 the narrow gauge train, Carson and Colorado, came into the valley, they shipped their cattle to San Francisco.

The McMurry home was a sociable one, always entertaining. It was known from Olancha to Round Valley. Anyone traveling would stop and eat at Aunt Jane's and Uncle Sam's. Uncle Sam was always bringing company home, sometimes boys to go hunting and fishing, sometimes traveling preachers.

Aunt Jane was a great Christian, sweet-minded and peaceful. Uncle Sam derived his name from his stature. For the Fourth of July he would dress in costume of stars and stripes depicting the personified caricature of the United States. He was a quiet, retiring man, but with a great capacity of understanding. The family group had their daily prayers and reading from the family bible. As you thumb through the pages, it falls open to the dogeared pages, their favorite passages and clippings of prayers and pressed flowers.

Andrew J. died from inflamatory rheumatism November 7, 1888, at the age of 23. Uncle Sam died March 14, 1911 and Aunt Jane passed away October 16, 1919. William Perry, the oldest son and Henry H. died the same year, 1929.

Samuel Goforth, the youngest and only living son, lives in Big Pine. He married Mary Temperly in 1938. In his possession is the family bible. Sam remembers Big Pine with over 20 ranches, fertile and self sufficient; and the first tourists who came to Big Pine for fishing and hunting. Two men came from Los Angeles in a buckboard drawn by mules, taking them approximately eight days to make the trip. He remembers the first automobile on its way to Tonopah. A horse was tied on behind with a singletree fastened on high hames that lay upon a collar on the horse's neck. If they got stuck in the sand, the horse pulled them out. If they got stuck on a high center, they would fill the ruts with rocks, much to the disgust of the freight teamsters and drivers hauling wood to be sawed.

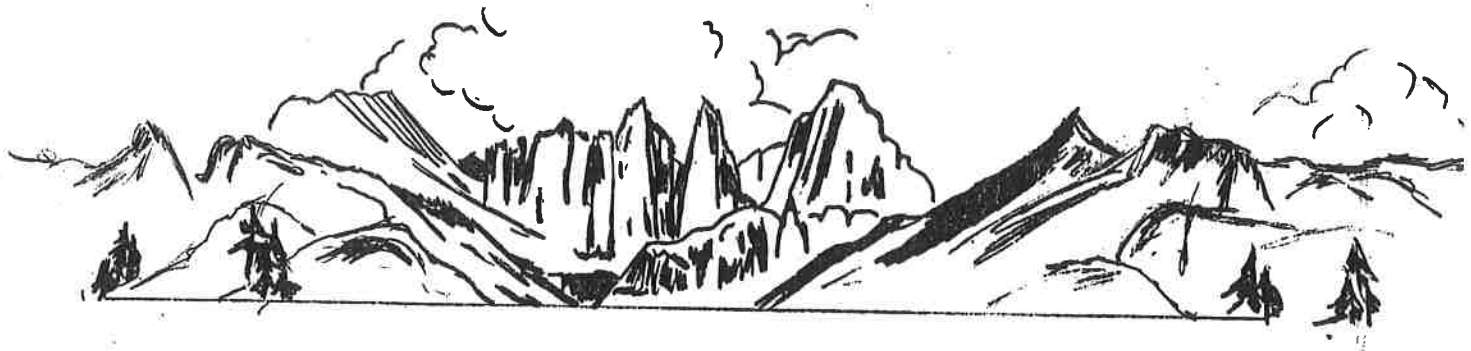
One time Sam was working with Frank Shaw, a cattle owner in Bisho They had to go to town. Mr. Shaw had Indians working for him building fence. The Indians were not progressing very fast and Shaw hated to leave. So he took out his glass eye, put it on the fencepost and said, "He lookum." He left, and when he returned a great progress had been made in digging post holes and building fence.

Samuel Goforth joined the Masonic Lodge at Independence before a Lodge was established in Big Pine; he was the first Worthy Patron. He with three other men from Big Pine started Glacier Lodge. The Indians still find counsel in Sam. He is their legal advisor for old age pensions and counsel for their troubles both day and night. Hospitality still reigns in the McMurry household.

Laura Bell married A. P. Smith September 23, 1891. She lives in San Leandro, California, and is 79 years old.

All the informers with whom I talked said practically the same things of the McMurry family. It all adds up to the words of one informer: "Great people, don't make them any better."

Louise Blake



SAMUEL HALL FAMILY

What turn of Fate brought persons from sheltered and established homes across an uncharted continent to meet and wed under primitive circumstances in the pioneer days?

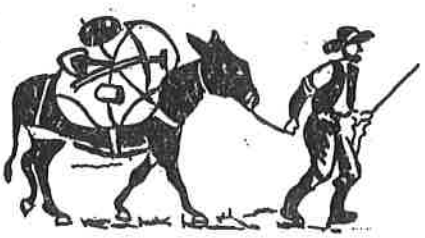
This year in California we are commemorating a century of development and in a way of Life that is a far cry indeed from those days of the rush for gold that created this circumstance. My Grandparents, Samuel and Martha Hall, shared in those adventurous times.

Samuel was born at Beavertown, Pa., September 24th, 1824, and fifth child of ten children born to David and Mary Hall. David was born at Laurel Hill, Pa., in 1792. The records of this family are in a worn and interesting Family Bible. One other member of this family David Jr., came to California in the early days and was Superintendent of the Argonaut Mine at Jackson, California.

Samuel was the more daring. At fourteen he ran away to go to the Mexican wars. After many exciting and perilous years on those frontiers he crossed the Isthmus of Panama on mule back and came on by ship to San Francisco Harbor in 1848 when that city was a smouldering ruin from the second devastating fire that destroyed it. He drifted about from one place to another and finally to the Placerville area, where on April 8th, 1855, he was married to Martha Jane Rouse.

Martha Jane was born in Gentry County, Missouri, April 7th, 1833. She was the more stable, patient character. Not only was she a pioneer but a missionary in heart, fact, and deed from her girlhood to her grave. She came from her Southern home with a negro servant and crossed the plains in a large wagon train. Some of the Jess Summers family were in the same party. She not only brought her walnut furniture but the seeds and slips of plant and flower which were planted and transplanted many times before they found their permanent place at the home near Bishop, where her roses climbed to the top of the apple trees.

Samuel pursued the life of the mines, partook of all the glamour of the stream panning, the sluice boxes and the placer diggings. He was in many of the incidents of the Mother Lode days - the troubles between the miners and the farmers - and was one of the vigilantes.



Martha, too, was active in the life about her, but was always calm and wise in judgment. Tragedy came early. Her second child, George Emmet, a winsome babe, two years of age was carried away and drowned in a sluice box by her home.

The children were Frances Ellen, born at Live Oak near Sacramento January 28, 1857, George Emmet born at Sacramento May 11, 1859, and was drowned when he was 2 years, seven months and twenty days old, Laura Jane, my mother, born at Fiddletown February 28, 1861, Milburn Chase born at Fiddletown, July 27, 1863.

The family had a pet squirrel, Timmy. The animal was so canny and so cute - always ran ahead of the children to meet their father, climbed up his pants leg to sit upon his shoulder or hide in his pocket to search for nuts or tidbits. He was the pet of all. Once while Martha was washing by the stream and Timmy was close by, he was snatched up in the talons of an eagle and was spiralled, screaming to be rescued, out of sight in the blue sky.

Martha was the victim of asthma and a doctor recommended a change to the dry higher air across the Sierras. So they moved to Dayton and remained there for about three years. It was most primitive, work was plentiful but life was indeed rugged. Families were not safe as many desperadoes were about. Samuel's work took him away for long hours. One day three men came and demanded food in a hurry and to be let inside while it was prepared. A faithful dog patrolled bristling and growling, back and forth between the men and the children - one a baby asleep in the cradle. In a short time a posse came in pursuit, they were escaped convicts.

Martha hated the desert - the lack of water, the dry dusty air, and the cold "Nevada winters". So another move was undertaken. The family numbering three children, and in company with a family by the name of Hancock, started southward with the oxen teams. They had heard from neighbors about the country where Lone Pine now stands. The story was of abundant water and green meadows and trees. They traveled by the old stage road and in the early summer of 1865 came to the north of town where Bishop Creek crosses the highway. There they camped for the night, during which one of the faithful oxen died, necessitating a stop over to buy an animal to replace him.

John Clarke was contacted and by his persuasion they went to look at some meadows south and west of town. A homestead was tentatively staked off and later filed on at the Land Office. Incidentally, these early patents not only gave title to the acreage but had power and storage rights on the mountain lakes and streams. The same rights were finally adjudicated into the Chandler decree of the present. There were eleven families living in the area. Hancock went on to Lone Pine and can be recalled as the stepfather of Dave and Jim Holland.

The early years were of tremendous hardship. The sod houses were built with a smoky fireplace, fields were ploughed, ditches made.

The precious seeds and plants were planted, a pig was bought and cattle increased. Neighborliness flourished - food was exchanged, yeast was carried back and forth across the meadows. Ready and willing hands exchanged work or portions of beef and pork or other food stuff.

Samuel improved his place and it produced mightily under his labor and shrewdness. Families came and settled, a school was established, several settlements sprang up. There were socials and work bees. Friendships became strong and lasting.

The Indians were more friendly and came for help and advice. They worked on the ranches. One Indian, Mose Wayland, a neighbor had his squatters claim jumped by a white man and Samuel went to the Land Office to protest and protect the Indian's rights.

Martha raised her family and grew in spirit and in truth. No longer need she wander through the fields to gather the wild healing remedies, the uses of which she learned from the Indian women. The church was foremost always. She had many projects - quilting, soap making, drying her vegetables and fruits. Many of these recipes are still used by the family.

The best recipes and patterns were exchanged and sought to fit the materials at hand. Illness brought friends to administer herbs or native remedies - or to sit the days or nights with the ill or the dead. A borning was an event which often brought forth all the skill of those who were near. Martha was with Mrs. John Clarke and gave the spank that brought the first breath of Edward, - the first white child born in Bishop.

On November 1, 1870, another son David Grant was born, and on February 14th, 1872, the major earthquake rocked the levels and hills of the Owens Valley and all of the inhabitants lived in terror for weeks. The John Clarke cabin was of log or some wooden construction and every night the neighbors gathered there to sleep, if possible, in that safety. The sod houses were not safe and many deaths in the earthquake were caused by the falling sod.

Martha was determined to Christianize the Indians, and one Sam Hall who worked for them had been schooled for months to demonstrate before her Church group. He came in at her call to recite for them the things he had been so painstakingly taught - bowed his head and began: "Our Paller who art in hebben - Hell of a name." It was a source of much chagrin to Martha, and of much banter and laughter to her family. She had a calming effect on man and beast and once brought a balky team out of a deep stream by taking off her shoes and stockings and wading out to sing a hymn in their ears.

There were anxious days too. In the early days there were no banks and no surety or bonding companies. It was the custom for citizens to go security for their official friends. It was also the

procedure for the County Treasurer to go by stage and train to the capitol at Sacramento with the cash after taxes had been paid in the fall. This one disappeared enroute. The bondsmen had to make up the deficit which was a large one. Samuel was one of the bondsmen.

The railroad was built and closer contact was established with the outside world. For conceding rights of way over Indian lands the Indians were permitted to ride free on top of the cars. Imagine such a concession! The Indians however found many reasons for traveling in this fashion. It was a rare sight to see them, especially the squaws with their colorful shawls and handkerchief head coverings flapping in the cold breeze. Someone told me this law is still in effect in Nevada.

Mines were discovered and developed. Towns sprang up and later disappeared - all contributed to the valley's prosperity. Fruits, vegetables, grains and livestock were sold to the mining camps in Southern Inyo, Bodie, Candalaria, Mammoth City, Belleville and many others. Many of the men went to work in the mines, mills and sawmills.

There was social life - and entertainments - in Spencer's and Allen Halls and later in the hall above Bulpitt's store. Life centered around the home, church and school. Sponsored by the Methodist Church the Academy was established.

On April 17, 1881, Laura Jane was married to Philip Perry Keough. He was born in Toronto, Canada, on March 25th, 1857, the youngest of eight children born to George and Mary Devereaux Keough. He came at nineteen years of age to Austin, Nevada, to join his two brothers who were established there. He entered the employ of the Wells Fargo Nevada Stage Company, which was the factor in the transportation of Nevada and California at that time. Subsequently he became their paymaster and later the Superintendent of these interests.

He had many rugged experiences, was caught in many holdups and figured in the Black Bart incident, which was more thrilling even than the movie version. He knew the early drivers Hank Mank and others and as children we gathered around to hear these tales. In his work he came to the Owens Valley and met and married Laura. A home was established adjoining her parents but his long absences from home decided him to buy nearer the town and in 1886 they moved to the home that he built where I live now. This property he bought from Joseph Rowan who had homesteaded it. Later he bought from Robert O'Neal the property across the street comprising eighty acres.

To this union were born four children - George Chester, Millard Hall, Karl Philip, and Edna Laura.

Laura Jane passed away on August 27, 1891 leaving her small children motherless and her parents and husband sadly bereft. Martha and Samuel came to live with them. Martha survived her daughter by six months, passing away suddenly in February 1892 in her 59th year.

Samuel lived on with the family the remainder of his life. He oversaw his own farm, driving out almost daily behind a very spirited horse. One of his especial musts was to be the first voter to cast his ballot at any election and the men were admonished to have his horse harnessed before sun up on election morning. His life centered in the children. He read constantly and passed to his reward on September 11, 1901 and of him the Inyo Register of that date has this tribute: "Everyone was Mr. Hall's friend. He was a pioneer in good works as in settlement." The First Methodist Church listed him as a member and a trustee and he has been so ever since. Every movement for progress and moral advancement has had his earnest support. He was also a trustee of the Inyo Academy and one of the earliest contributaries to the University of Southern California. He was buried in the Pioneer Cemetery beside his wife and daughter.

On January 12, 1900 a public meeting was held to form a High School district. A committee was appointed to circulate the petitions and arrange for the advertising of the election. This was composed of W. A. Chalfant, S. W. Vermilyea and P. P. Keough. This forward step brought forth a storm of pros and cons, as the letters in the Inyo Register following the above date testify. Dr. H. H. Howell went to a home with the petition and was assaulted by the owner, who was later arrested, tried and fined. The Editor observed that the penalty was too mild.

When the election was held the vote was contrary - 121 for, 145 against. All this in the year 1900! Not to be daunted, however, a teacher was employed and classes were held in the Grammar School building. Miss Gertrude Rowell was this teacher; she later took a prominent part in education in California.

Later an election was held in which the vote was favorable and a regular High School was established in the Academy Building on the site of the present High School.

My father subdivided some of his property - 60 lots of half acre and 12 tracts of five acres. Many advised against this venture as they thought Bishop had grown to its capacity. That was in 1898. This area is now a fine addition to the town and is almost completely built up.

He maintained a business, the City Market, for many years and at one time owned the property from the Gordon Bakery to the Inyo Store on Main Street, and the block back of it to Willow Street. In 1908 he built the present building, the first concrete one to be used in this country. Later he sold this business and began the development of the Keough Hot Springs property where a fortune was spent and the plans unfinished at the time of his death.

He gave unstintingly to affairs of public interest and had the confidence and esteem of the community. He was chairman of the High School Board and was instrumental in the plans and building of our present High School. He passed to rest on December 5, 1921, at the age of 64.

The writer is the only surviving member of this family - Millard Hall Keough died in San Francisco December 4, 1903, at the age of 16, rheumatic fever being the cause of his death. Karl Phillip, then Senator from this district, died suddenly at the Bridgeport Hospital of diabetic coma on September 27, 1937. George Chester died at Redding, California of a heart ailment December 8th, 1948.

And so we of 1949 salute you of 1849 - those Samuels who came by mule back through the perils of fever ridden swamps and jungle - by scurvied sailing vessels - and also to those Marthas who were followers of the wagon ruts and dusty trails, who lived through the waterless days with parched and burning throats - the terror filled nights lighted by Indian signal fires - and the camps that were strewn with the scalped victims of the massacre.

With what courage your brave hearts carried you on. Your hand shaded eyes looking ever westward. Some benign guide brought you where cooling streams and green meadows were in abundance. Some divine Providence, too, did not permit you to know that in future a city's greed would reach out to covet those streams that fed the furrows wrought by your toil worn hands, and that the land would return to its native state.

We hope you do know that millions have followed to this land, not of gold but of sunshine and plenty.

Edna Keough Butler

THE YANEY FAMILY

Israel Putnam Yaney was born in York, Pennsylvania, July 10, 1820. He was one of twelve children born to Jacob and Anna Catherine Yaney who, in 1818 emigrated from Baden, Germany, to America, landing in Philadelphia. The voyage took nine weeks as they sailed far northward on account of the health of the large number of passengers aboard. Their first meal after landing consisted of soup made from a sheep's head.

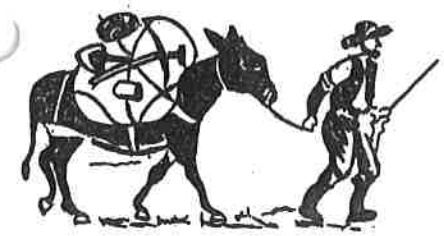
They first settled in Lancaster County, Penn. The father, Jacob, a baker by trade, was industrious and conservative and managed to make a living for the family. Two of the sons were taken and raised by lumber merchants from the south, and later became merchants themselves.

In 1836 the parents, together with their oldest son George and his young family, moved to Ohio. There were no roads and little cleared land, so they carried axes to cut their way through the forest. They used the sun and a compass to direct them until they finally settled in Mercer County.

After the death of her husband, "Granny" Yaney went to live with a daughter Katherine Miller, in Jay County, Indiana, where she died September 16, 1875, at the age of 94. She was of very small stature but of strong character and a devout member of the United Brethren (Lutheran) Church. Her Lutheran prayer book, with very frayed, brown edges, is now a treasured possession of the writer, a great-granddaughter. It was given to me by Hes Yaney, my uncle, eldest son of I. P. Yaney, my grandfather. He told me it also had belonged to Granny Yaney's mother, prior to the Yaney's emigration to America, which would make it well over 170 years old.

Little is known of the early boyhood and manhood of Israel P. Yaney, prior to his coming west. What written records or letters which had been preserved were unfortunately lost.

It is known that he spent some time in New Orleans prior to the Gold Rush Days. In 1849 at the age of 29 years, he and his brother John sailed from New Orleans with a stock of general merchandise to establish a store in California. They and all merchandise had to be transported across the Isthmus of Panama by donkeys after which they again traveled by ship to San Francisco and then on to the gold fields in the Tuolumne River or Mother Lode Country.



It was in the town then called Stewart, and later officially named Sonora, where they first settled. Information gleaned from "The Saga of Old Tuolumne" by Edna Bryan Buckbee, states that early in the summer of 1849 Israel P. Yaney was one of the pioneers who helped form from six to twelve companies to work the newly discovered silver vein located fifteen miles east of Sonora. Also, the same source informs us that he was an Alderman on the first Common Council of the City of Sonora when it held its initial meeting on May 26, 1851 after Sonora received a city charter from the state legislature.

Sonora, in the fall of 1851, had a quite well established business section and no less than twenty-five physicians and surgeons who were kept constantly busy binding up wounds, setting broken bones, struggling for better sanitary conditions and fighting valiantly against those dreadful diseases of smallpox and consumption. Among the businesses was the store of Yaney and Barabino which had a valuable stock of cigars, tobacco, cigarettes, pipes, and various kinds of leather goods such as tobacco pouches, wallets and purses. A large, all-leather trunk is still in our family's possession and no doubt came from that store.

In the spring of 1852 a large and substantial two-story frame building was built at the northwest corner of Yaney and Washington Streets in Sonora by the two Yaney brothers and Peter O. Bertine. Here they established themselves as bankers. This building was reduced to one story in the early '60s and was still serving in 1935 when "The Saga" was written. The iron safe which belonged to these bankers was a nine-day wonder, for it was the first large safe ever transported to Sonora. Prior to the opening of this banking firm the express companies acted in the capacity of bankers.

The Tuolumne County Court House is located on Yaney Street named for the family.

It was in 1853 when I. P. Yaney returned to New Orleans to marry the "little girl for whom he had waited to grow up" - her name was Hannah Parker, born in Philadelphia in 1836, one of ten children of Hannah Smith and William Waring Parker. Hannah Parker's maternal grandparents were Griffith Smith, born in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, in 1764, and Mary Brand, born in Philadelphia, Penn. in 1759. Griffith Smith enlisted as a drummer boy at the age of 13 years, in July 1776 in the Revolutionary War, and served under Captain Young, to whom he had previously been apprenticed to the trade of a weaver. It is upon his military service record that some of his descendants have qualified for and have become members of Daughters or Sons of the American Revolution.

Hannah Parker's father was a descendant of one of the Parker brothers who came over from England with Wm. Penn. William Waring Parker was a wholesale boot and shoe merchant in Philadelphia. He went the security for the first silk factory in that city; this failed and as a result he lost his business. It was after this episode in 1839

that he and his wife went to Galveston County, Texas, to take up a 3,000 acre Spanish land grant. After they were settled they sent back to Philadelphia for their children. The oldest daughter, then 27 years old, gathered the younger ones together and made the trip without mishap. Their new venture was soon saddened by the death of the father who died of yellow fever in 1841. His wife, Hannah Parker, then moved her family to New Orleans where she operated a boarding house. Hannah Parker, named for her mother, was but 5 years old at the time.

The Yaney and Parker families were friends when Hannah was very small. It was then that Israel swore to wait for her to reach a marriageable age, meanwhile going west to seek his fortune, then returning to claim her as his bride when she was sixteen years of age. This marriage was solemnized in the First Congregational Church in New Orleans by Rev. R. S. Clapp on March 17, 1853.

They remained in New Orleans until sometime in 1854 when they returned to Sonora, California, traveling via ship to the Isthmus and thence riding donkeys across it carrying their infant son Bertine Heslep in their arms, continuing via ship up the Pacific coast. "Hes" as their first born later was known, was born in New Orleans on December 25, 1853. After the little family returned to Sonora, Israel continued in banking, mining and the lumber business. Three more children were born at Quartz Mountain in Tuolumne County: A son, Israel Putnam Jr. (later known as Put) was born August 25, 1857, a daughter Anna Catherine was born September 30, 1860, and William Parker born April 4, 1863.

The mining boom in Aurora beckoned the Yaney family to that town in 1863 where they lived for a short time before purchasing a saw mill and property in a canyon about 12 miles northwest of Bridgeport; this is now known as Yaney Canyon. Here I. P. Yaney cut and supplied lumber for building in Aurora and that area. He acquired several pieces of land in that area, one of which was a part of the meadow and river grounds later sold to H. S. Leavitt, at the eastern junction of the Sonora-Mono road, then being heavily traveled by the miners. It was while living in the Sawmill Canyon that another daughter named Elma Kendall was born on June 14, 1864.

With the dwindling of the mines in that area, Israel started by horseback to go to Los Angeles in 1867. He was so attracted by the fine water supply, verdant natural pasture and good soil of the Owens Valley that he purchased a quarter section of land north of Bishop for $100.00 from Joseph Spier. This was property located on the north side of what is now known as Dixon Lane. Just when the family moved to their permanent home on north Main Street, first living in an adobe house located where the Mt. Tom Motel now stands, is uncertain, but it was evidently shortly after they came to Bishop in 1867. A man had started to "take up" the quarter section of land (the southeasterly boundary of which now joins the north city limits of the City of Bishop; and the northeasterly boundary

extending to what is now known as the Texaco corner, and the westerly boundary running to the line fence east of the Sierra Dairy Ranch, thence running southerly to the George Rome property line) but had not proven up on it so I. P. Yaney acquired it for the sum of $2.50 with title being given in a grant issued by President U. S. Grant in 1876.

Shortly after the family moved to Bishop another son, Seth, was born. He was a sickly child and died in infancy.

While first living here, Grandpa Yaney clerked in the first general mercantile store established in Bishop which was owned by his brother-in-law, Seth P. Sneden. Mr. Sneden's wife Catherine was a sister of Grandma Hannah Yaney.

It was while the Yaneys were living in the little adobe home that the great earthquake occurred at 2:30 on the morning of March 26, 1872. The father, mother, with their children had gone to a dance at a ranch near Pleasant Valley, which was a fortunate factor in their lives. The two little daughters were accustomed to sleeping in a trundle bed and before going to the party the bed was placed near the fireplace to be kept warm for the little ones. When the family finally reached home after the earthquake, they found the chimney had fallen and some large rocks had been thrown into the little bed.

In the years between 1876 to 1879, during the mining boom at Benton, the Yaney family resided there where Grandad managed Seth Sneden's store in that locality. It was in Benton that Edgar Ray, my father, was born on November 8, 1876.

The Sneden store in Bishop was located on the property bounded by Main and East Line streets which was given him by John Clarke for the purpose of building a store there, to serve the people who had settled in this area. Mr. Sneden played an important part in the development of the town of Bishop. He also had lived in Tuolumne and Mono Counties and served a term as Sheriff for the latter county. He came to Bishop in about 1868. Quoting from the article about him in "Portraits of Pioneers" it states -- "No man was more identified with local affairs of every kind or higher in popular esteem. After merchandising and filling the position of postmaster for many years, he took up law practice and was an attorney when he died in 1899. He was one of the founders of the community, one of the contributors to its upbuilding."

"A characteristic incident of his generosity and attitude toward things progressive was shown when the first permanent school house was built -- the same building which in a changed and enlarged form was incorporated into the present local jail building. Part of the cost was raised and paid to the contractor, but there was a shortage of $400.00 on the price. Subscription was the only way of getting the money, but as it was not forthcoming, the builder

refused to give possession. In this dilemma Mr. Sneden called him into the store one day, counting the money out of his own funds, securing possession and turned the property over to the trustees. There is no record that he was reimbursed."

As a tribute to him after his death, a friend truly wrote: "The first merchant in the town of Bishop -- his scales ever weighed 16 ounces to the pound, his yard stick measured 36 inches, his books showed no false entries. He was truly a pioneer worthy of all the honor the title carries." After his death the Sneden store and post office were operated by George Watterson for a number of years and then the property was sold to Charles and John Eastman who established the First National Bank. They in turn sold the property to Watterson Bros. who owned it at the time of the crash on August 4, 1927. The Sneden home was adjacent to the old store.

I recall walking to town with Grandad Yaney to visit Aunt Kate Sneden in that old place. She kept an old Indian who took the name of Joe Sneden who cared for the once fine rose garden and did all odd jobs for her during her widowhood. Always upon arrival she would rummage through her cupboards to find horehound and peppermint drops to offer me, which I never liked and to this day the sight of them conjures up the childhood memory. I much preferred to be allowed to pick the little spice pinks or old fashioned roses in her garden.

The third two-story dwelling in the Owens Valley was built in 1883 by I. P. Yaney. The lumber was hauled down from old Mammoth City. This old home was carefully torn down in 1922 and much of the best lumber was again utilized as rough lumber in the new home built on the same site in the spring of 1923 by Dora and John Coats, my mother and step-father.

It was in the large white home that Israel and Hannah Yaney spent their remaining years. Hannah was a religious woman of noble character and greatly loved by her family and friends. A number of years before her death she was stricken with creeping paralysis. From that time until her death on April 18, 1897, at the age of 60 years, 9 months, and 4 days, Israel in his rare devotion spent most of his time attending to her every care and comfort. Over 70 vehicles were in the funeral procession, attesting to the love and respect held for her by the community.

Israel continued to live in the home until his death on June 22, 1908, a few days prior to his 88th birthday. He showed unusual vigor until after his 80th year. His mind remained unusually clear in his later years which was evidenced by his continuous reading and interest in affairs of state and nation. He was a staunch Democrat and very patriotic. I well remember hearing heated discussions as election time approached. When the 4th of July came he always had the old home well decorated with flags and insisted upon getting them on display real early in the morning.

While not continuing his membership in either order, he had been both Mason and Odd Fellow and a charter member of two lodges of ea , including Inyo Lodge F. & A. M. at Independence, the charter of which was issued in October 1872, which is the oldest lodge in eastern California, and Bishop Creek Lodge, I.O.O.F. Bishop, as well as others elsewhere.

While not disposed to take a conspicuous place, his duty was done wherever he was, as he was a man of esteemed reputation throughout his life.

To the union of Hannah and Israel Yaney six children were born: Bertine Heslep, the eldest son, born December 25, 1853; in 1871 entered the office of the Inyo Independent as an apprentice. After working there for two or more years, his time for the next several years was divided between mining at Indian Queen, Montezuma, and Candelaria, and printing at Aurora, Mammoth, Candelaria and Carson. He returned to Bishop in 1886 and with slight interruption he was connected with the office of the Inyo Register until his death in February 1918. He was a self-educated man who loved the classics and whose connection with the newspaper kept him unusually well informed upon national affairs. His convictions were strong and permitted no trace of hypocrisy in his make-up. Young as I was, I recall the heated discussions between him and Grandad Yaney when Teddy Roosevelt signed the bill which was instrumental in permitting the City of Los Angeles to take water from our Owens Valley and they well foresaw the ruination of the agricultural life in the valley. "Hes" as he was generally known, never married, but no father ever thought more of his children than he did of his three nieces, Mildred Yaney Garrigues, Frances Yaney MacIver, and me. He was especially good to me as my own father had died when I was but seven, and he was always giving things to me that I perhaps would not have had otherwise.

Israel Putnam Jr., or Put, as he was called, was the second son, born August 25, 1857. He spent his early manhood in Bishop and after attending business college he was assayer and bookkeeper at the Indian Queen mine above Benton. Later he was connected with the development of the celebrated chalcedony or petrified forest of Arizona during the 80's, after which he spent some time in Alaska and then lived in Salt Lake City for several years.

He was married to Emma Branch on July 19, 1896 in Salt Lake City, but this marriage ended in divorce within a few years. He then married another Salt Lake girl by the name of Mamie Longfellow. There were no children from either of his marriages and as a consequence he lavished upon his little nieces his affection and gifts.

It was during these years they lived in Salt Lake City that he and his wife used to return to Bishop for visits. It was a great event in the lives of the three little nieces when our families drove to

Laws to meet the "Slim Princess", narrow guage train, which brought them down from Mina. I was always terrified by the sight of the great monster and howled lustily until he quieted my fears with tales of treasured cash in his suitcase. Sometimes these journeys to Laws were extra exciting if we had to cross the north branch of Bishop Creek during the high water season, for the water often was high enough to run into the bottom of the buggy and surrey. Put passed away in Maricopa in about 1916 or 1917 from kidney trouble.

Anna Catherine, the eldest daughter, born September 13, 1960 attended the local schools and spent some time in San Jose Normal before she married William Adams on January 1, 1879, in Benton, California. A son named Howell and a daughter named Mamie were born of this union. For a time they lived in San Jose, but as Mr. Adams was a mining man, he was drawn to Australia where the family lived at Broken Hill for some time.

In the early 1900s, Annie, as she was called, and her daughter Mamie who was very talented in both music and art, returned to the States where she passed away in Los Angeles around 1911 or thereabouts. The daughter returned to Australia and married J. C. Coldham, a mining engineer, in Sydney. Two sons, John born in 1913, and Peter born in 1919, were of this marriage. Both served in World War II. John, who is a mining engineer, served in the African Campaign and upon his return married Joyce White. Peter was a member of a Lancaster pathfinder crew and flew 46 missions from England to Germany. He was awarded the D.F.C. and Bar R.A.A.F. After his return to Caulfield, Australia, he spent a year in a sanitorium because of his having contracted tuberculosis. Later he took the bar examinations and is now practicing law in Caulfield where he lives with his wife, formerly Jean Margaret Vincent Smith, and two small daughters. Mamie, the sons' mother, died suddenly of a heart attack on March 31, 1946, in Caulfield, Victoria, Australia, just as she was about to leave for a visit to the States.

William Parker Yaney, the third son, while born at Quartz Mountain in Tuolumne County, April 4, 1863, spent practically all of his life in Bishop. As a boy and young man he led an active life. Among his employments was that of clerk and virtual manager of the merchandising store of his uncle Seth Sneden. He often told of keeping pieces of seven yards of calico stacked in advance for the Indian trade, as that was the required yardage for a mahala's dress. He also served as assayer and assistant to his brother-in-law, Will Adams, at the Indian Queen mine northeast of Benton. He also was employed in an enterprise developing the manufacturing possibilities of the petrified forest at Holbrook, Arizona. Most of his years were spent in Bishop where he was one of the most active citizens in that earlier period. He filled official capacities of Under Sheriff, County Supervisor representing the Bishop district, and Justice of the Peace of the Bishop township and was interested in the Bishop Creek Water Association. During his later years of life his sole attention was given to the fire insurance business.

While in Arizona he became a member of Chalcedony Lodge No. 6, F. & A. M. from which he demitted to become a member of Winnedumah No. 7 F. & A. M. in Bishop in 1909. He was a Past Patron of Mt. Whitney Chapter No. 197 Order of Eastern Star and also a member of the Woodmen of the World.

He was married July 3, 1898 to Miss Eva L. McGee, daughter of Alney McGee, well known Indian fighter of the early days. Mildred Elizabeth, born May 30, 1899, and Frances Eva born in Bishop August 4, 1901, are their daughters. Mildred attended Munson's Private Secretarial School in San Francisco after completing high school in Bishop. She assisted her father in his insurance business until the time of her marriage. Mildred married Louis Garrigues, February 25, 1925 at the family home in Bishop. Some years after this they purchased the Pinon Book Store and are still operating it. To them three children have been born -- George Louis, born in Bishop July 25, 1926, the oldest, is about to graduate from Stanford University following service in the Navy during World War II. David Yaney, born January 19, 1928, is assisting in the office of their store following an accounting course in Los Angeles. Elizabeth Frances born September 7, 1931, is a freshman at the University of California at Berkeley.

Frances attended and graduated from the University of California at Berkeley after which she taught in the high schools for three years before her marriage. Frances and Joseph K. MacIver were married June 30, 1928, also at the family home. Frances has served as a member of the elementary school board and is a Past Matron of Mt. Whitney Chapter No. 197, O.E.S., and a past Deputy Grand Matron of the State of California in the same Order.

Joe has been in the employ of the City of Los Angeles for most of their marriage and has taken an active part in the affairs of the community.

To them also were born three children, two boys and a girl. Douglas Yaney, the oldest, born January 30, 1930, in Lone Pine, California, is in his third year at the University of California at Berkeley, while William Joseph, or Bill as he is generally called, born July 26, 1931 in Bishop, is a freshman in the same university. Marguerite Yaney, born May 2, 1935, in Bishop, is a freshman attending Bishop Union High School.

Elma Kendall Yaney, the younger daughter of the Yaney family, born June 14, 1864, was but three years old when the family came to Bishop in 1867. She attended the local schools and then attended and graduated in May 22, 1884, from the State of California Normal School located at San Jose, California. She returned to Owens Valley and taught school in Round Valley and West Bishop. On July 26, 1889 she was married in Bishop to Norman Edward Conklin of Independence, California. They resided for a time on the old Conklin ranch at Independence and then moved to Bakersfield where

Norm's father was a Superior Judge. Norm then studied law and passed the bar examination although he had graduated from Santa Clara College in 1884. Around 1904 the family moved to Berkeley and in 1917 they moved to San Francisco.

Elma Yaney Conklin was a woman with great pride and high ideals. She had a publication of poems, others she wrote are not yet published, and she also wrote articles and interviews of prominent people for magazines. She was asked into and became a member of the California Writers Club. A few years after World War I she and her daughter Sybil went to Europe where they remained for four years, spending the greater part of the time in France. In 1938 they bought a home in San Anselmo in Marin County where she resided until her death on June 28, 1945.

Her husband, Norm, spent a good part of his later years in Nevada dabbling in mines, but of more recent years had a law office in Hawthorne, Nevada.

To Elma and Norman Conklin were born three children, a son and twin girls. Alvah Putnam, the son, was born December 18, 1890 at Independence. He graduated in Architecture from the University of California in 1916 and entered World War I as a 2nd Lieutenant. He then entered Fortress Monroe, Va., Officers School and graduated as a 1st Lieutenant. Soon afterwards he was promoted to a Captain and went to France with the 67th Coast Artillery. After the Armistice was signed he attended the University of Grenable. He returned to San Francisco in 1919, became affiliated with the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York where he still is. In November 1924 he married Marguerite Merritt, but they were divorced in November 1935. There were no children. He resides at Ross, California.

The twin girls, weighing but five pounds together, were born on Friday, May 13, 1892 and were red haired. The doctor said they could not live, but Grandmother Conklin kept them alive on whisky until a suitable formula was found. They were so small their grandfather Conklin could put his ring on their arms as a bracelet. Barnum and Baily Circus tried to secure them to show in an incubator but of course were refused. Because of their size they were referred to as the "teenty-tonty" babies and the nickname followed them through life.

Sybil Redfield, the larger of the two, was nicknamed Tonty, and Sylvia, the smaller, was nicknamed Teenty. The twins attended schools in Bakersfield and Berkeley, one of which was Miss Head's School. Sylvia later took kindergarten training at Miss Barnard's Kindergarten Normal, also in Berkeley and later taught in Fellows, California. Sybil attended Munson's Secretarial School in San Francisco. She went to Europe with her mother and now lives at the family home in San Anselmo, never having been married.

Sylvia married Leslie Biddle King of Bakersfield, California in San Francisco, September 7, 1921. They resided in Bakersfield until they became separated in 1932, but there was no divorce. She now resides with her twin sister in San Anselmo. To the Kings were born two children, a son Robertson Conklin King was born March 24, 1923, in San Francisco. He attended schools in Bakersfield, Palo Alto and San Anselmo and entered Stanford University in 1941. He signed up for the Air Corps and enlisted in World War II. He attended officers training school in Texas and was later attached to the 15th Air Force as a 1st Lieutenant (navigator) of lead plane. Some of his bombings were Berlin, Linz Bruck and Vienna. He was awarded the D.F.C. Air Medal with clusters and five battle stars and his bombardment group received the Presidential Citation with clusters for raids over Berlin. He attended the Mediterranean Theatre Army University at Florence, Italy. Upon returning to the U.S. he again entered Stanford University and graduated in 1946 in business administration. He then took a position waiting for him in the King Lumber Co., Bakersfield, owned by his uncle, A. D. King. On January 19, 1947 he married Marie Louise Latno of San Rafael, California, in that city. To them was born a son, Robertson Conklin King, Jr. in Bakersfield on November 24, 1947.

Nancy Jean King, daughter of Sylvia and Lester King, was born in San Francisco on August 15, 1925. She attended schools in Bakersfield, Palo Alto, San Anselmo and Miss Katherine Branson's School in Ross, California. She won the Basch-Lomb National Science scholarship award at her high school graduation. She graduated in science and psychology from the University of California at Berkeley in 1947. She went on a trip to New York in the spring of 1948 and was offered a position in the personnel department of Time-Life Publishing Company where she is still employed.

Edgar Ray, the youngest member of the Yaney family, and my father, was born in Benton, California on November 8, 1876. During his youth his mother became an invalid and he spent much time at the George Collins ranch on the east side of the Valley. Mrs. Collins was a very fine woman and he held great admiration for her. Very possibly it was partly due to his association with the Collins families who raised very fine horses that his love of horses was so keen, for he was a fine horseman.

He attended the local schools and was quite athletic. He especially loved baseball and used to run bases for two other members of the Bishop team besides his own.

He married Dora Chamberlain in 1897 on December 15, one of the daughters of a pioneer family of the community. They resided at the old Yaney home with his father and bachelor brother Hes. Ray raised cattle and ran the ranch property.

I, Elma Rae Yaney Crosby, was the only child of theirs, having been born in the old home on July 21, 1899. One of my earliest recollections of my Dad was riding "on back" of his saddle on

Darkey, his fine stock horse. He took me with him a great deal and I always knew that I was most likely to find peanuts tucked in one coat pocket and jerkey in the other. Most early cattlemen carried jerkey to stay their hunger while spending long hours in the saddle. It was made by drying narrow lean strips of beef or venison which was heavily salted and peppered.

He contracted a fever of unknown origin and was ill for six weeks before he passed away May 8, 1907 at the early age of 31. His friendships and respect in the valley were shown by the fact that over 100 vehicles accompanied his remains to the Pioneer Cemetery. It was one of the largest processions ever held in the area.

After a few years his widow married John Paul Coats, an old family friend, in 1911. They have continued to live on the same property ever since.

I, Elma Rae Yaney, attended the local schools and then Munson's Secretarial School in San Francisco, later working in that city, then returning home to keep books for the Inyo Creamery in 1922. When my fortune was told at a party in San Francisco, "I was to make a journey -- after which I would meet a tall strange man who would have a great influence in my life," which proved to be true, as I returned home and there met William Archer Crosby, a stranger who had arrived the previous year to work as an engineer with the Division of Highways. The following year, on June 14, 1923, we were married at the new Coats residence, just completed, which was on the old Yaney home site.

Bob was the nickname which had been given to William Archer Crosby during our courtship, and which he prefers to this day, and is so well known by. He became District Manager of the Automobile Club of Southern California shortly before our marriage and still retains the same position. Both of us have been very active in affairs of the community throughout the years.

To us was born a son, Robert Lee Crosby, December 22, 1928, in the Lone Pine Hospital, under the shadow of Mt. Whitney. Also a baby girl named Frances Ann was born to us on her father's birthday, May 14, 1932. The joy of having her share our home was shattered when she passed away from a tumor of the liver on January 22, 1933, at the age of 8 months and 8 days.

Lee, as our son is known, attended the Bishop schools until his senior year which was spent at the Army and Navy Academy, Carlsbad, California, where he received a number of honors and graduated in June of 1936. He then attended the University of California at Los Angeles prior to his entry into West Point on July 1, 1949, on an appointment from Congressman Clair Engle.

It is regretful that there were no grandsons to carry on the "Yaney" name in California, as it has been one of the true pioneer names associated with the early settlement of Eastern California and especially with that of Inyo County, of which we are so proud. May some descendant of this family ever remain in Owens Valley and ever be grateful to Israel Putnam and Hannah Yaney, their forebearers, for the heritage they have received.

Elma Yaney Crosby

THOMAS EDWARD and HARRIET JONES

It was a momentous day when Thomas E. Jones decided that he could leave his family in Wales and set sail to the land of opportunity, - America.

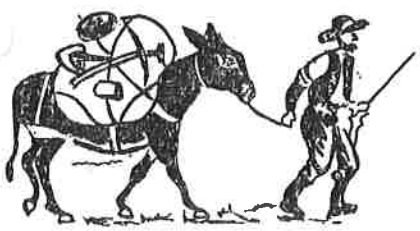
Thomas was born near Swansea in south Wales on the 20th day of October, 1836. Because it was necessary for him to help finance the family, his formal schooling ended at the tender age of 12 years and he went to work in the coal and iron mines of Wales.

At the age of 22 he had saved enough money to purchase passage to America. Leaving Liverpool, he reached New York in about seven weeks, a reasonably quick time for travel in those days. The passengers were all men except one woman and her two small children. Enroute the mother became desperately ill and remained so for the entire journey. Prompted by his wonderful spirit of charity and benevolence, Tom cared for the family and secured food for the children until they reached New York.

The coal mines of Scranton, Pennsylvania offered work to all immigrant Welsh miners so Tom went immediately there. He lived with the Lucas family who showed him every kindness and a deep affection for them was always held by Mr. Jones. During these years he had some experiences with the Molly McGuires who were terrorizing the country. He heard the famous debates of Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas. Thomas was proud to cast his first vote for Lincoln, to whom he always referred with profound admiration.

Mr. Jones was one of the many who were lured to the West by the glowing reports of land and gold. He chose to take the Isthmus of Panama route, so set sail from New York, via Havana, Cuba, then landing on the Isthmus, traversed the entire Nicaraugan route on foot to the Pacific shores. For a short time he became a member of the Walker filibustering expeditions and when passage was possible sailed for San Francisco arriving there in 1863. Before long he had reached the booming mining camp of Hangtown, now Placerville, where thieves were hung, but where men's lives were cheaper than cattle.

Evidently not satisfied with life here, and hearing about the riches of the Comstock, his steps were directed toward Nevada. Starting out with his blankets on his back he arrived in Carson Valley with the munificent sum of ten cents in his pockets.



This was a beautiful productive valley with hay a chief crop. Realizing an opportunity he went into partnership with a Mr. Josiah Price to cut hay and sell to the mining camps. At four and five cents a pound they did well in their enterprise.

During the years between 1863 and 1865 Mr. Jones traveled about, working in Virginia City where he met Mark Twain, and later went to Aurora. For a short time he and his brother John maintained a station in Jack's Valley. The roads were lined with teams day and night and before 10 o'clock in the morning their receipts would often show $150.00 or more.

From Aurora Thomas went into mining around Benton, then a very active mining region. Some of the ore was sent to Swansea, Wales, for special processing. A company was organized to build a smelter at Swansea Flats near Fish Slough. A Colonel Sooper from the Hawaiian Islands was one of the company. This venture did not prove a success because the available materials they had to build with would not withstand the heat necessary to melt the ores. It was while looking for beef to feed the workmen at the smelter that the Jones brothers first came upon Owens Valley. They were so impressed with the undeveloped resources, its natural beauty and abundance of flowing water that they resolved to make it their home.

In 1864 Thomas E. and John E. his brother, with a Mr. Miles and Mr. Evans started for Round Valley, but the other two men returned to Aurora because they would not endure the hardships and they also feared the Indians. Shortly upon arrival Mr. Jones took up 160 acres and became the first man to receive a patent to homestead land in Round Valley. Their land lay about 14 miles north west of Bishop between the present Evans and Tom Williams ranches, (and to present readers about opposite the Wagon Wheel Roadside Tavern).

The brothers began to clear the land and in the spring planted wheat, the first to be grown in Owens Valley. John getting a home built, went to Aurora to get his family and in his absence asked Thomas to tend the wheat. Upon arrival Thomas found every spear had been eaten off by the cattle, which in those days numbered about 5000 head and roamed at will. To save the crops the men had to watch during the days and slept in the fields at night to keep the cattle off.

Thomas irrigated the land and the wheat came up again and a wonderful crop resulted. After threshing the wheat sold for 25 cents per pound for seed.

For five years 1865-1870, Thomas went back and forth between Round Valley and the mines, returning each spring to help his brother put in the wheat until he decided that the life of a country gentleman suited him best.

The years 1870-1876 found Mr. Jones farming his land most faithfully and able to save some money. The famous Centennial Celebration held in Philadelphia in 1876 numbered Mr. Jones as one of the many

attendants. On his return a stop was made at Morgan, Utah, and he happened to attend Church there. According to custom in those days, Church members invited visitors to their homes for Sunday dinners. A Mr. Williams extended him this welcome and it was here he met Harriet, a charming young lady of 17.

Harriet was also born in Wales and while an infant migrated to America with her family. Her mother died in the East, leaving a family of seven children, Harriet only two. The father alone with his family, covered wagon and oxen journeyed across the plains. When they reached the River Platte the crossing was most difficult. Harriet was permitted to ride in the wagon and childlike she was playing with her shoes and dropped one into the river. The father's words remembered were "Harriet, Harriet, I don't know when I'll ever be able to get another pair of shoes for you."

At Morgan, Utah, one of the best oxen died so here they had to remain to establish a home. Across from them was living a school teacher, who seeing the plight of this father with his family, came to offer assistance. She cooked for them, took the children to school and to Harriet she was a real mother. Miss Daniels was a cripple and a hunchback, but blessed with a brilliant mind and musical talent. She was the telegrapher, taught school and music in the town. Mr. Williams married her and her love and devotion to the family made a deep lasting impression on the children, especially Harriet. She lived only a few years longer and then a housekeeper was provided and she became the next Mrs. Williams.

At Morgan Mr. Williams built a lime kiln and made bricks. He built a hotel right at the railroad station, and it was here where Mr. Jones stayed while in Utah on his return from the Centennial. Friendship developed into love and in 1877 they were married, Harriet now 18 and Thomas 40 years old.

Thomas and his bride left Salt Lake by train to Reno, stagecoach to Aurora and by wagon to the little homestead waiting for them at Round Valley. Here together in their crude two room home they labored endlessly, endured hardships and hazards and experienced real pioneer adventure. Here was the foundation of the Thomas E. Jones family which through the years grew to ten in number: Vivien, Leslie, Chester, Estelle, Lucas, (named for the Pennsylvania friends) Irene, Roscoe, Hazel, Clarence and Gladys. Seven are now living in established homes in various locations.

The Jones home was a friendly one and the visitor was always made welcome. In the Inyo Independent in 1878 a news item reads that the crowd met at the home of the Thomas E. Jones' to while away the evening hours. The family loved music and there were always musical instruments around the house.

One of Mr. Jones' early surprise gifts to his wife was an old fashioned organ which he played by ear and which the family enjoyed for years. Vivien was quite expert on the harmonica, Les played the violin, Roscoe the piccalo, Estelle the organ, and Gladys the piano in varying degrees of proficiency.

Musical programs were a source of entertainment in Round Valley and usually held at the Jones Home. In one program appeared such titles as "Will You Love Me When I'm Old" and "Beautiful Isle of the Sea".

Mr. Jones was a man of considerable attainment. He was an enthusiast for higher education and sought every opportunity to inform himself. It was not at all unusual to see Mr. Jones pouring over his books until the morning hours. In later years he added a little room, furnished it with a cot and books and there he spent many hours in quiet study. He was serious minded, but displayed a sense of humor and possessed an entertaining wit. At one time he wrote articles for the Valley papers and those who remember the articles say he possessed an individual style, very frank and quite witty. He was quite a philosopher and had he had the opportunity, could have succeeded in writing. In fact, because of his philosophical nature he achieved mental heights rather than success in material enterprises.

Gladys, the youngest, remembers her father reprimanding them when too much foolishness was going on by rapping on the table saying, "Come, come, children, let's have a little wheat with all this chaff", immediately starting a spelling match or reciting poems. He abhorred poor English and when he heard the children refer to each other as kids, he would say "Kids, kids, that is what goats have."

It was a custom of Mr. Jones to visit the schools and speak to the children. Children enjoyed his visits because then they could read before him and rejoiced to hear his kindly praises. He addressed the High School on various subjects many times.

In the September 16, 1882 issue of the Inyo Independent appeared an article on Carp Breeding. It urged farmers to make ponds to develop carp for household food. The fish multiplied rapidly and grew quickly and promised to be a profitable business. Mr. Jones soon after built carp ponds and stocked them. In the 1883 issue of the paper the following sign appeared:

German Carp - For Sale in Lots to Suit.
Young fish for stocking ponds $3 per dozen -
larger ones $5 per dozen. Purchaser
to furnish vessel. T. E. Jones,
Round Valley

The ponds finally gave way and broke, allowing the water and carp to find their way to the streams of Round Valley.

Prior to the installation of ice-making machinery, the Thomas E. Jones ice pond was the sole supply of ice for Owens Valley. Very early in the summer mornings one could see the ice wagon in Bishop making deliveries to the merchants. The children enjoyed the pond also and in winter had fun scooting over it for there were no ice skates then.

The Round Valley Post Office was maintained in the Jones home for many years and daughter Irene served as the postmistress.

As the years went on and the boys grew to be of help on the ranch, conditions began to improve for the family. They now owned 320 acres of land, bumper crops of hay were raised as well as fruits and vegetables. In 1908 a new home was built by Horace Albright. About that time Irene acquired a wonderful new gadget, the Edison phonograph with cylindrical records. Before the walls and partitions were put in the children had great enjoyment dancing, Mr. Albright joining in the fun when his day's work was done.

Foremost in Mr. Jones' mind was the advancement of Owens Valley, so hearing of new inventions he would introduce them to Round Valley. To him goes the credit of bringing in the first wire binder, the first seeder and the first hay derrick and planting the first wheat.

A pioneer mother's life was not easy and with such a large family there was lots of hard work and quantities of cooking. During threshing time Mrs. Jones would start her day at 3 a.m. cooking for 25 men. It was a time of excitement and adventure for the younger ones, but the older ones all assisted in the heavy work. The children were all taught how to make good bread, making yeast from a "start". Mr. Jones was so proud of the fine product produced he wrote an article for Home Comfort Farm Magazine entitled "Why I Want to Remain on the Farm" and signed Hazel's name to it. Hazel's amazement was boundless when she received a nice check for the splendid article.

Round Valley could boast of a one room school which served as the social center for the community. A Mr. J. K. Shannon was the school master at the time the older Jones children attended. It is said he never spared the rod and to impress the children he would tell them his name was Josephus Herculean Shannon. Mr. Shannon was an inveterate smoker and laws prohibiting smoking on school premises were in force then as now. So at recess and at noon he would parade up and down the lane, puffing his old black pipe, always maintaining a watchful eye on his young culprits.

Although the early schools didn't command the dominating place in our affairs as they do today, nevertheless many fine men and women got their start there.

Every Christmas a tree so large it could hardly be squeezed through the door was placed on the teachers platform, decorated, and sacks filled with candy, nuts and popcorn were hung on the tree. Such festivities as these the Jones family participated in.

The children graduated from the Round Valley School then attended the Bishop Academy and later the Bishop Union High School. Estelle was in the first graduating class of the high school which then met in the upstairs of our present fire house. Hazel prepared herself to teach and taught lower grades in Round Valley and at the Poleta School.

Vivien, the oldest, was Receiver of the Land Office in Independence and County Assessor of Inyo County for many years.

No pioneer tale is complete without an Indian story, for in the early days the Indians were troublesome. One day while Mr. Jones was chopping wood he was suddenly surprised by a group of yelping Indians darting in from all sides toward him. Offering gifts was a gesture of friendship, he knew, but all he had was a pot of beans cooking over the camp fire, so he offered them food. While the Indians were eating Mr. Jones moved over to where his axe lay to be in readiness in case he was called upon to defend himself. The Indians decided to leave and Tom Jones lived to tell the tale.

The leader of that hostile band was Sam Wright and in later years, some of them pretty lean ones too, Mr. Jones would slip old Sam flour, bacon and whatever he could when the old man was in need.

Another time Mrs. Jones was home alone and hearing a commotion peered through the window to see one Indian throw a noose around a medicine man's neck and drag him over the plowed earth. The Medicine Man had lost 3 patients so was being revenged. Mrs. Jones was dreadfully frightened and greatly relieved when Mr. Jones appeared on the scene.

After the years when the Indians became adjusted to the invasion of the intruders they began working for the white settlers. Indians adopted a white family so the Joneses were honored by having Jim Tom Jones and Jarriet Jones accept their names and when their children arrived each was named for the Jones children. These Indians became very loyal to the adopted family.

For fifty long, hard and strenuous years Mr. & Mrs. Jones and their family farmed the land that they loved. There were many lean years, food was scarce, sickness and death entered the family, but with that indominatable spirit and steadfast courage that pioneers possessed, they overcame all obstacles. Still at 74 years of age, father and daughter Gladys at 12 thought nothing of milking 15 to 20 cows in a day's routine. Even though Mr. Jones weighed but 110 pounds he was able to carry on the chores of the ranch.

At the age of 76, on October 27, 1912, while sleeping he was quietly called to rest. It was written about him that to have known his friendship was a privilege. While his frail body embodied the living spirit of kindness and dauntless courage, so his mind was charitable in its judgments.

Mrs. Jones continued living on the ranch until they sold to the City of Los Angeles. She then made her home with Mrs. William McCarthy, daughter Irene, while they lived in Bishop, then with Mrs. Arthur Schively, (Estelle) in Sacramento. After a lingering illness she passed away and was buried in Sacramento.

Mrs. Arthur Jewett, the youngest daughter, is the only member of the Jones family maintaining a home in Owens Valley. Her residence

is in Independence but at present is employed with the Department of Agriculture, Reno, Nevada.

Owens Valley has every reason to be proud in recording the names of the Thomas E. Jones family into its Great Past. No one knows what they endured, what longings they suppressed, what hopes died voiceless in their self-contained souls. No wealth had he, no monument marks his name. The land whose stubborn soil was once made to yield remains a memory of the daring, courageous and sacrificing efforts in developing a most beautiful valley for us who now enjoy its incomparable beauties.

* * * * * * *

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS E. JONES

One more has passed to the great unknown
A Pioneer still to the fore;
A friend in truth we have claimed our own
Through trials he bravely bore
He answered the call of the Golden West
And built with nervy will;
He answered the call to eternal rest
But lives in fond hearts still
Devoid of fear at the call of death,
As he answered every call;
Brave and true to his latest breath,
Nor aught could his heart appall
He met his fate as he met all things
Fearless and iron of will;
And we who mourn feel the deeper sting
And love his memory still
We soon will follow the path you tread
To mysteries on beyond
You live in our heart; you are not dead
Love is a living bond.
Old age has come since first we met,
Our call none may foretell;
We feel your presence still, and yet
For a time, Dear Friend, Farewell.

W. F. M.

* * * * * * *

Vital Statistics of Thomas E. and Harriet Jones Family, Round Valley, California -

Son, Vivien L., born 1878 (April). Married Mina Stidham Nov. 1907. Followed mining, farming, was Receiver of Land Office at Independence, and County Assessor of Inyo County for many years. Left Owens Valley in 1928. Now resides in Bellflower, California. Has 5 daughters, 1 son and 6 grandchildren. Attended school in Round Valley. (See enclosed letter.) Retired.

Son, Frank Leslie, born 1879. Unmarried. Died 1909. Attended school in Round Valley. Mining and farming.

Son, Chester A., born 1881, unmarried. Died 1916. Attended school in Round Valley. Mining and farming.

Daughter, Jane Estelle, born 1884. Married A. M. Schively in November 1908. Attended school in Round Valley, Bishop Academy and Business College in San Francisco. Was employed as stenographer and bookkeeper for P. P. Keough, Market. Was first telephone operator in Bishop. Left Owens Valley in 1916. Now resides in Sacramento, California. Has two daughters, one son and 4 grandchildren.

Daughter, Irene, born 1888. Married William R. McCarthy in June 1917. Attended school in Round Valley and Bishop Academy. Acted as Postmistress in Round Valley for a number of years. Left Owens Valley in 1938 after the death of her husband. Now resides in Fresno, California. Has one son and one grandson.

Son, Roscoe C., born 1890. Married to Deborah Smith, 1911. Attended school in Round Valley and Business College in Los Angeles. Followed farming and real estate. Left Owens Valley in 1927. Now resides in Live Oak, California. Has 4 daughters and one son and 16 grandchildren. Present real estate and farming.

Daughter, Hazel L., born 1893. Married David W. Yandell in November 1920. Attended school in Round Valley, Bishop Union High School and State Normal School in Los Angeles (now U.C.L.A.) Taught school until her marriage. Left Owens Valley in 1920 and has resided in Mississippi since that time. Has one son and one daughter and 2 grandchildren.

Son, Clarence E., born 1895. Married Edna McCarthy in 1925. Attended school in Round Valley and Bishop Union High School. Followed farming until he left Owens Valley in 1926. Owned and managed the Jones Autel in Merced, California for a number of years and now with his nephew owns and manages The Boy's Store in Fresno, California. Has 2 daughters.

Daughter, Gladys M., born 1898. Married William A. Jewett in June 1920. Attended school in Round Valley, Bishop Union High School and Business College in Pasadena. Office work in Los Angeles, San Diego, Independence, California, at present is with Department of Agriculture, Soil Conservation Service, Research, in Reno, Nevada. (Thirty years of work and still like it). Has two sons and one grandson.

Winifred Deibert

THE JOHN SHEPHERD FAMILY

Then Ho, brothers, ho
To California go;
There's plenty of gold in the world
we're told
On the banks of the Sacramento.
The gold is thar, most anywhar,
And they dig it out with an iron bar.
"Ho, for California" (1849)
Jesse Hutchison, Jr.
(1813-1853)

John Shepherd, born in North Carolina 1845, was one of a family of five, three boys and two girls. Some time in the fifties John, James, and George started their trek to the West, stopping in Illinois for a time. They came on to California by way of the Horn. When the ship finally arrived it found no dock or pier, therefore the passengers were carried from the ship on the backs of negroes.

The three brothers worked in Ukiah for several months, then moved on to Stockton where they remained until they moved over Walker Pass into Inyo. John worked up a teaming business, supplied the miners with necessities, but he did not hunt the gold himself.

Mother Margaret Childress Blair also was born in the year 1845, February 8th, in Virginia. James Blair, Margaret's uncle, was one of the founders of William and Mary College; the family was one of the First Families of Virginia.

The Blair family's western dream brought them to California in a covered wagon. The story is told that brother James, just a small boy, swam the Platte River guiding his team and wagon by means of a rope tied to a tree across the river.

The family settled near Stockton on a Farmington ranch which was also a way station for travelers. Margaret's sisters and brothers were Mary, James, John, Will, Lizzie, Emily and Virginia.

February 19, 1860 John Shepherd and Margaret Blair, age fifteen, were married. Mrs. Charles Collins in Bishop still treasures the wedding dress. Soon after their marriage the couple moved to Nice (Visalia) where John and his two brothers started their cattle business. James Edward (1860) and Eva Lee (1863) were born in Nice.

That same year because of the extremely dry weather the cattlemen were forced to hunt range. The men made a quick trip over the mountains through Walker Pass, finally located good grazing in Owens Valley.

Soon the three brothers, Margaret and little James Edward and Eva Lee, three months old, their cattle and oxen, were moving slowly over the mountains on the rocky Walker Pass trail. In some spots the wagons had to be moved piece by piece. In July the caravan halted at George's Creek, Manzanar.

"How green was my valley" must have been truly spoken about this valley then, and George's Creek became one of the greenest spots against the dark and high mountains. Here the Shepherds developed their ranch. They lived in tents until their sod house with its fireplace could be built. The men cut and hauled timbers for the mines for ore packing.

The sod house was home for a number of years, then in 1877 James and his brothers built the first two-story house in Owens Valley. To freight the lumber over the desert each wagon required six horses. Besides being two stories, the house was most modern for it had water piped to the kitchen. Eight acres of fruit trees made the home place a beautiful and fragrant spot in the springtime.

The little southern mother, Margaret, must have loved this new home, and so she covered the parlor with a warm rose pattern and made rag carpets for the other rooms.

Then in this rose room Margaret placed a Mathuseks piano, rosewood and square. These pianos were made in Connecticut. As only one hundred were built, it was most interesting to have one find a home in far away California.

The ranch was home for James Edward, Eva Lee, Luella, May Alice, Dora Alma, John Arthur, Nellie Woodward and George Lester. As Children do, they worked and played with each other and with their neighbors, the Piutes.

The Piutes (Pihute) had a large camp just west of the ranch. Mother Margaret was frightened more than once by the Indians who came around the tent to investigate, but the family never was harmed. One time they did shoot arrows at John, the father, made his oxen run away, but as the years passed the Indians learned to trust and love John Shepherd.

Eva Lee's first teacher was a neighbor, Mrs. Joslin, from Vermont, who later taught in Independence. Eva Lee said the most enjoyable part of school was a slate pencil, daily gift from Bugler, which pencil she promptly ate.

Eva Lee went to the one room school on their property until the age of nine, then she went to Oakland. This trip made after the

earthquake was quite an adventure, since Eva Lee had to ride horseback with Uncle Jim from Independence to Visalia where she took a train.

The four years Eva Lee lived in Oakland were spent in the home of the Earls who had the first nursery in Fort Independence and had planted the black locust trees there.

The earthquake of March 26, 1872, was a most vivid experience for both children and adults. Quote from the Inyo Independent: "The night was calm, clear and frosty, the moon past the full, lighting mountains and valley with perfect distinctness as far as eye could reach. There was nothing unnatural or remarkable in night or weather. At about twenty-five minutes past two o'clock a great unknown and unmeasurable power beneath began to rumble and roar, to heave and toss-----"Several observed the unnatural phenomena such as the report from Cerro Gordo. Days after a very loud thunder was heard during a snowstorm. Again men sitting around outside saw sheets of flame on the Inyo mountains a half mile away. There was great electricity in the air everywhere.

"The greatest loss was in Lone Pine where three-fourths of the buildings were leveled--losses totaled Lone Pine $132,100; Independence $26,500; Camp Independence $43,850.

"Severe cold immediately following the big quake has proved even more disasterous than the event to many of our fruit raisers. In orchards peach trees are completely stripped of their blossoms, destroying all prospects of a crop---".

Eva Lee returned from Snell's Seminary to teach in Lone Pine and Independence where she met and married John Gunn.

John Gunn's mother, daughter of a noble, had fled with her coachman husband from Ireland to Canada. At the age of sixteen John ran away from home and made his way to the gold camps of Aurora, Bodie, and Modoc.

Eva Lee and John were married June 9, 1886. For their honeymoon to San Francisco, Eva Lee packed their valise. Later she was most chagrined when the pistol she had packed so carefully in the shirts went off shooting the tails full of holes.

Having lived a year in Prescott, Arizona, the couple returned to Independence. In 1881 Gunn and two men relocated the Minniette Belle Mine. This mine discovered by Mr. Fox produced $600,000 in silver and lead before it was abandoned. Later Mr. Fitzgerald, having been injured in a mine cave-in, sold out to Jack Gunn, who took 1½ millions in ore from the mine. It was not mined after the death of Jack Gunn in 1918. The mine was deeded to the daughter Helen.

Helen M. Gunn was married to Fred Wood in 1910, the minister was the Rev. Hamilton Lee, father of Mary Lee Hess.

The Shepherds sold their holdings to Mr. Chaffey for $25,000 and in 1904 moved to San Francisco where they had a home. Later the ranch, orchard, oxen and house were bought by Mr. Baxter who sold to Los Angeles for $800,000 it is said.

The family experienced the San Francisco earthquake and fire in 1906. The Masons Lodge sent the family back to Independence since no money could be taken from banks.

John Shepherd died in 1908 and was buried in Independence. The service was Masonic, but the Piutes asked if they might have their rites also. Luella, the only member of the family to see the rites, said the Indians danced and chanted, then each of the two hundred passed the coffin and patted the face saying, "Goodbye, Shepherd."

The Inyo Independent-John Shepherd was Judge for the 3rd District September 2, 1871. Jack Shepherd was elected Constable 1866. The Shepherd men were quite prominent Masons. Eva Lee and Luella were members of the Order of Eastern Star, Eva Lee being a charter member. James Edward, born 1860, lives in Independence, was County Treasurer.

Luella (1886-1947) married Francis (Frank) Butler
May Alice (1868-) married Boots Conklin
Child: Mollie Irene married C. Hobbs
living in San Dimas
Dora Alma, married David Holland, later married
Charlie Collins, living in Bishop.
John Arthur (1875-1945) married Hattie Glade
Child: Florence living in Redwood
Nellie Woodward died at age of 3½ years.
George Lester (1882-1903)

Father John's brothers, James and George, had no families, both old-timers who came among the first pioneers to Owens Valley.

"East is East, and West is San Francisco according to Californians. Californians are a race of people; they are not merely inhabitants of a State. They are the Southerners of the West."

A Municipal Report -
"O Henry" Wm. S. Porter

Norene B. James

THE JOHN CLARKE FAMILY

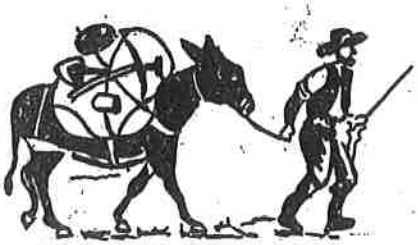
What previous experience or adventure would cause a young man to decide to leave his birthplace for a new and unknown land? Some such occurrence must have caused John B. Clarke, whose birth date was January 15, 1832 to leave his birthplace in England and board a sailing vessel for America, the land of pioneers. He entered our country through New York and then proceeded to the city of Chicago, where he established himself in a livery business. From there he drifted west and became one of the drivers on the Overland Stage.

Thus he came to California, to the San Lucas Ranch near Gilroy. Here he was employed as ranch hostler, his previous experience standing him in good hand. Here he also became interested in the cattle business.

Seeking further adventure into unknown lands, he made a trip over Sonora Pass and into Owens Valley by team and wagon. His view of the valley contained a great deal of foresight, as he was able to see that this valley would make wonderful grazing country. It was very dry at that time, but he saw the possibilities of using the full running creeks and river for watering the lands. He decided then to pioneer a home in Owens Valley.

It is not good for man to live alone, so he journeyed back to marry fourteen year old Mary. They returned here to make their home in August, 1864 or 1866. On his first journey, four years before, John had built a house on the site now occupied by Hazard's Garage. He obtained many acres of land through patents. Five years later they built the family home on West Line Street, which was enlarged later.

John Clarke was interested in building up a town on the present location of Bishop so he invested in several different types of business -- a hotel, a livery stable, and he also operated a stage which carried mail and freight from Bishop to Laws. He owned many acres of land, south of East Line Street as far as the canal, and south to Shirley's Lane. He gave the lot on which the bank was built, East Line and Main, to Seth Sneden on condition that he build a store there. He did this also to keep the town on its present location instead of in West Bishop. He gave away many lots for the same purpose. This was one reason he never became a rich man.



As a young man, John was quite religious, but in later years he became agnostic. He enjoyed entertaining preachers and then arguing with them. He was able to quote great quantities of Bible verses.

To John and Mary there were born seven children, six boys and one girl. The oldest son, Edward Marsh Clarke, was born June 3, 1867, the first white child born in the Valley, west of the river. This child was of great interest to the scattered men of the region and the Clarke home became something of a shrine, for many of these men made visits to see the infant. Edward grew to manhood here and was educated in Canada. Then he came back to marry Mayme Coughlin, who came to the valey in 1889. Edward was a veterinarian and was innoculating Tom Richey's herd of cattle when he was infected with germs from the cattle, which caused his death at the early age of 31. He passed away on his birthday, June 3, 1899.

A son, R. A. "Artha" Clarke, was born to Mayme and Edward. So Mayme, left a widow, was required to provide for herself and small son. She taught in several schools in the Valley and served as County Superintendent of Schools for twenty or more years. Journeys into Death Valley in this pioneer day required a great deal of fortitude for a lone woman. She has even made the trip by horse and buggy. Roads were just paths in those days. Later she was able to negotiate a Ford over these so-called roads. Hotel accommodations were practically nil. She slept and ate in homes in the school districts. Sometimes these accommodations were not the best. Mayme lives in Bishop in the old Clarke residence and still serves as a member of the County Board of Education.

She was able to provide education for her son, who became a druggist. Today he owns and operates a drug store in Covina, California, where he lives with his family. He was married to Jeane Kelso, sister of Bob and Dave Kelso, residents of Bishop. The Kelso family are all musicians and "Artha's" children, a son R. A. "Artha" Junior, and a daughter Margaret, are both doing well with their music. Margaret goes to High School in Covina and "Artha" Jr. is a watchmaker.

John and Mary were improving their living standards and they built on to their original home which John had built before he brought his very young bride to the Valley. Soon another son came to bless their home, John B. Clarke. This son now lives in Rialto, California, and is the father of three sons, Harold who is a taxidermist; Verne an auto machinist, and Albert, a highway Commissioner.

Louise Clarke Collins was their only daughter, and she now lives in Long Beach. George A. Clarke is now an Assemblyman, living in Le Grande, Merced County. Charles Hollenbeck Clarke was their next child. In his youth he was the constant companion of Faye Bush, but that love affair never was completed. Charles passed away at quite a youthful age. Frank W. Clarke lives in Reno and is unmarried. Walter Clarke married Hazel Gunter. They have one son, Robert, who is a graduate of Stanford and a specialist in gas and petroleum. He works in the Standard Oil office in Berkeley.

John was a lusty character and always kept the welfare of his neighbors at heart. He saved the commutity from an inroad of crimin[illegible]s by refusing to bring some men over on his stage. He lived to the age of 86 years and died October 12, 1918.

In quoting from the obituary of Mary Clarke are the following facts: Mrs. Mary Clarke, the oldest resident of Bishop, passed away within a day of her 90th birthday, on the premises she occupied since 1871. A recent fall near her home produced no visible serious injuries, but the experience brought back former bodily ills, which terminated fatally. Her husband had put up the first frame building on the Bishop townsite, at a point near the present Runkle's Shell Station, previously known as Hazard's.

They were married at Pajara, California, in 1861. She came in August 1866. Their home on West Line Street was built in 1871, and enlarged later. She left 13 grandchildren and 2 great grandchildren. Mrs. Mayme Clarke, her daughter-in-law, had lived with her and had given her every possible devoted attention during her declining years. Her sister, Mrs. Belle Braden, also survives and has spent recent months here sharing the cares which developed. Mrs. Clarke was born in Linton, Iowa, April 21, 1847, and was brought to California by her parents when she was but four years old.

Helen Johnson

THE CHALFANT FAMILY

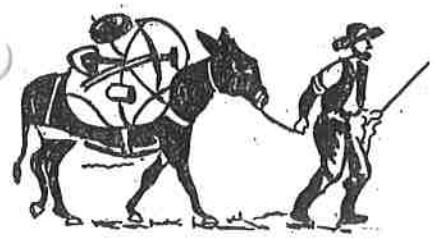
Pleasant Arthur Chalfant was born in Highland County, Ohio, January 14, 1831. His father was a miller and his mother came from the Arthurs. In a few years the family moved to Iowa and there his father died. His mother later married Thomas Parker whose closing years were spent in this county.

According to the "Desert Magazine" of April 1943; in an article called "Meet Chalfant of Inyo" by Mora M. Brown "The story begins on a September day in Utah in 1849 when the personnel of several wagon trains gathered west of Salt Lake City to confer about the route. More than 100 wagons were there and there were three main groups. Jefferson Hunt met with them as their guide. Without frills he told them of the gaunt and dangerous days ahead. He could promise safety only if they followed him southward into California by way of Cajon Pass.

But one group, young adventurers from Illinois who called themselves the Jayhawkers, had heard of a more northern route through the Sierras via Walker's Pass. One group, The San Francisco Party, preferred to go straight west. As a result the party split three ways. The first followed Jefferson safely into Southern California. The second encountered tragedy in Death Valley. The third, the San Francisco Party, traveled slightly southwest across Nevada and entered California northwest of Reno over Beckwourth Pass. In that group was a young man named Pleasant Arthur Chalfant.

However, in "Gold, Guns, and Ghost Towns" by W. A. Chalfant, the first chapter -- "A Boy in California in 'Forty-nine'" is Pleasant Arthur Chalfant's own story. This narrative was, technically speaking, never written, for its author, like many another pioneer editor, shaped his story "at the case," setting it into type for his paper in 1886 from memory alone -- without copy and without notes. In it he says "One bright, sunshiny day toward the close of October -- the 27th, to be exact -- 1849, five dusty, travel-worn, weary individuals marched, each with a pack on his back, into the then somewhat notable "town" of Long's Bar, on Feather River -- Rio de los Plumas, as its name appeared on the map in those days. This party consisted of four men and a boy -- this last being yours truly.

Just six months before we had left the States in company, we five, to cross the plains "the gold dust for to see."



As invariably happened in every large train that organized to cross the plains under command of some so-called colonel, captain, or what-not, we were out but a few weeks until our big company of forty-five wagons split up into as many divisions as there were wagons."

He was 19 years old at this time. He passed the 50's in mining in Trinity County, kept store and did other work. He moved to Idaho where he ran a sawmill in hostile Indian country, and in March 1867, near Boise City, he married Miss Adaline Slater. He came with her to live in Virginia City, Nevada, and here in 1868 was born the first of eight children, a son whom they named Willie Arthur Chalfant.

Two years after Willie was born the little family moved to Independence in Owens Valley, California and there in 1870, with this half-brother J. E. Parker, Pleasant Arthur Chalfant began publication of the "Inyo Independent."

"They bought their press from the Esmeralda Union in Aurora, Nevada. It was the first press in Owens Valley, and the third in California. The press room occupied the upper story of the Chalfant house which though severly shaken survived the great earthquake of 1872." As an editor he was able, forceful, and fearless and under his chief editorship the Independent attained a prominent place in coast newspaper circles. After selling his interest in 1881 he tried mining ventures in this county and Arizona without success. In 1885 he started the Inyo Register. Willie Chalfant was full partner. The younger members of the family were typesetters and helpers. In 1887 he became county assessor, a position which he held for 12 years.

During his residence in Independence he was appointed Receiver of the Land Office, but resigned on learning that the appointment was brought about by a dishonest faction.

He was an ingenious mechanic. He devised a machine for addressing newspapers which was in use in the Independence office long before someone else patented the idea and made a fortune from it. Another invention was one for wrapping papers. This he patented and refused offers to purchase as he expected to improve it. A perfected model was made by him but was burned in the fire which swept away the family home in the spring of 1900.

He died February 2, 1901 at the age of 70 and is buried in the Masonic family plot in Bishop. Eight children were born to P. A. Chalfant and his wife Adaline. Two died in infancy, one when 4 years old and another daughter, who was very talented in music, at the age of 21 and 4 months. One boy and three girls survived their father's passing, Willie Arthur, Mabel who married George A. Clark and now lives in Merced County, Emma who married Will D. Nelligan and lives in Riverside, and Sara Blanche who married D. N. Wheeler and lives in San Jose. The half brother, J. E. Parker, was the first representative from Owens Valley to the State Legislature. His children are Elma Stone, Reno; Bessie Stevens, Bishop; May Parker, Southern California; Helen King, Reno; and Thomas Parker, deceased.

Willie Arthur was born January 10, 1868. Christened Willie Arthur Chalfant, his mother wished to head off "Bill" as a nickname. The result in his words were: "Mother calls me Willie, sister calls me Will, father calls me Billie and the fellows call me Bill." "Before he saw a First Reader he had learned to read type. Before he was six he had composed and printed his first card. At eight, on a small press which his father gave him, he ventured into his first publication." It was a sheet six inches square; was called the Juvenile Weekly, but it didn't last long. "In those days getting out a newspaper was not the lightning clatter of machinery that it is today. It was a matter of setting and inking type by hand, of printing papers one at a time and on one side of the sheet, then resetting type and repeating the process on the other side. Folding too was done by hand, so there was plenty of work for an interested son. Hence, it was no cub who at 13 began to print his own weekly, "The Owens Valley Newsletter," which lived for several months."

In 1881 Pleasant Arthur Chalfant sold his share of the "Independent" and moved to Bishop. Bill Chalfant remained in Independence as compositor on the paper. Shortly afterwards he too went to Bishop.

In 1885 the Chalfants again went into newspaper work, initiating the "Inyo Register." Willie Chalfant was full partner. He became editor at 18.

"It has been said of Pleasant Arthur Chalfant that his heart was so full it kept his pockets empty. He spent much of his salary for the taxes of unfortunate friends. It is said, also, that he was honest, independent and fearless. Inyo citizens use these words in speaking of the son. Add to that heritage a wide sweep of valley, granite mountains holding lakes and forests in their pockets, and a pioneering spirit, and you have the Chalfant background. It makes you think about the story of the Great Stone Face."

"Chalfant leaned over backward to be honest with himself," is the way his brother-in-law put it. "Nobody with shady schemes got their advertising in his paper, no matter what they tried to pay. He never budged from that rule." No advertisements for hard liquors have ever been accepted by the paper. That was one of the conditions of sale.

But he was not stern. As a young man he joined in all the activities of the young people. He played the cornet, led the town band, and especially liked to dance. After his marriage in 1892 to Miss Flora Mallory -- a school teacher from Nevada -- he became an active force in community life as clubman, lodge man and business man." According to Mr. Chalfant, they met at a birthday party given by Miss Elma Yaney.

He was a most modest man in relation to his ability and would probably not have published his first book if it had not been for Mrs. Chalfant's encouragement. Besides the "Story of Inyo" he has written three other books -- "Death Valley: The Facts" is an

authority on its subject. "Outposts of Civilization" is an historical record of people and events beyond the bounds of Inyo County. "Tales of the Pioneers" is little known factual stories of early Nevada and California days. "Gold, Guns, and Ghost Towns" , published after his death, recounts the choicest bits from "Outposts of Civilization" and "Tales of the Pioneers." He died Nov. 5, 1943.

Other facts about his colorful life -- He graduated at 14 from grammar school at Independence and passed the county board examination to teach. He never wanted honors. He wasn't a seeker after public applause.

"His career in Owens Valley newspaper circles was climaxed with the fight with the City of Los Angeles over the purchase of Owens Valley water rights. He fought fearlessly for the rights of the people of Inyo in their water battles, yet when hotheads began dynamiting the Los Angeles aqueduct he opposed this action as bad judgment on their part."

His literary efforts had brought him many honors, including membership in national historical societies such as the life membership recently granted him by the Mark Twain Society.

In 1942 he and Mrs. Chalfant were honored by the Rotary Club and other citizens of Inyo-Mono on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary.

May 26, 1939, the American Institute of Journalists, alumni organization of Sigma Delta Chi, national professional journalism fraternity , met in Los Angeles to pay tribute to W. A. Chalfant, dean of Western editors. This banquet was given specially in his honor, something which had never been done before in the history of this group of journalists. Men had been invited when they happened to be in Los Angeles at the right time but had never been tendered a special banquet in their honor. At this banquet he was presented with the gold key, considered a great tribute of esteem for his life's work.

More than a hundred members of Bishop Rotary and Lone Pine Lions Club met in a special joint meeting in Lone Pine in March, 1939, to pay tribute to Bill Chalfant for publishing the history of Inyo County for more than 50 years. On this occasion he was presented by the late Father J. J. Crowley with a commemorative gift in the form of a desk set and bookends made of Death Valley travertine.

"When the complete story of the west is finally written, it will be found that Bill Chalfant had a hand in shaping the destiny of a large part of the United States, for his influence was felt far beyond the confines of Inyo County and the City of Bishop. His passing leaves a place in the newspaper profession that will be hard to fill and the people of Inyo County will find that Editor Chalfant was "more than just a county editor". The good that he has done will live forever." He was indeed one of our most celebrated pioneers.

Stella Joseph

HARRIS - JOSEPH, PIONEERS

In the year of 1832, September 25th, Isaac Harris, father of Minnie Harris Joseph, was born in Lankorsch, West Prussia. In that year of 1832 Prussia Austria and Russia ruled Europe with an iron hand under the agreement of the Holy Alliance. Germany, as we have known it, was non-existant, being then only a group of principalities, 38 in number, known as the German Confederation. Feudalism was prevalent and the rule of kings absolute. After the Napoleonic Wars and the French Revolution, the people of Europe began clamoring for a participation in government, and the Prussian ruler, King Frederick William III promised them a parliament. This promise, however, was unfulfilled, due to the pressure on Prussia, from the strong Austrian government. Prussia had lost her leadership and persecution of all liberals followed; homes were searched, papers and books burned, letters opened, foreign books prohibited, and spies placed in every classroom.

In the year of 1848 all Europe was in a restless, disturbed, expectant state of mind. Men were wearied with the old order and demanded change. Metternick of Austria, the real ruler of all Europe, was forced to flee in disguise to England. A union of Prussia and the German Confederacy was attempted, but Austria was still strong enough to block it. After two years the successes of the masses were lost and the absolute rule of Kings was again supreme. A persecution of all Liberals was carried out, so thoroughly this time, that tens of thousands left the country. This was the beginning of the large German emigration to the United States. In this same year gold was discovered in California. Reports were painted in glowing colors. With fear and anguish constant companions, why not go to California. Isaac Harris was then nearly 16 years of age.

Gullub, West Prussia, was a small village similar to Lankorsch where Isaac Harris was born. In Gullub, February 15, 1841, Minnie Harris Joseph's mother was born. Her name was Mary Sultan. These two villages were evidently close by, and it was in Gullub that Louis Joseph was also born in 1844.

This migration, however, was slow and painstaking. Money was scarce, and often only sufficient to send one member of a family to the golden land of opportunity and freedom. Due to the strict military requirements of Prussia, service beginning at the age of 16, the member usually selected

for the initial emigrant was the son nearing his sixteenth birthday. So we have Isaac Harris leaving home, family, and friends and going to a strange new world at an early age. No doubt other families sent boys of a similar age at the same time. Thousands were fleeing to the new world of opportunity, landing in the City of New York. Sometimes entire families came together, such as the Henry Levy family who landed in New York about 1857 and we know stayed there long enough for Henry Levy to take his elementary education in the New York Schools. Such was the case of the Sultan family also. Later the Harris family arrived, mother, father, and brothers Jake and Joe, to join Isaac. The father lived to the age of 104. He was also born in Lankorsch and the mother born in Gullub. They are both buried in San Francisco.

These people were accustomed to poverty and hardship. They sought business opportunities and jobs of any kind and evidently were very successful, for it was only a few years until we find them all in San Francisco. From the records on the tombstones in San Francisco, many of the people of the villages of Gullub and Lankorsch followed each other to the New World. It was an immigration of families and friends seeking freedom similar to the original migration to the New World of the Puritans, Pilgrims, and other persecuted people of the Old World.

Which family arrived in San Francisco first is unknown. We do know, however, that they came by boat around the Horn on miserable old crowded ships. Mary Sultan, a young attractive girl then, came to San Francisco in that manner with her parents. She often told her children of that dreadful trip. Mary Sultan Harris had two sisters who came with her. Johanna Sultan, who married Louis Woods, and Huldah Sultan who married Henry Levy, both families early pioneers in Independence.

As often happened, it was very stormy around the Horn; the ship was afire in the hold, winds were raging, and the Captain's patience being entirely exhausted, he acquiesced to the fire and the elements. He informed the passengers that the ship was going to sink, and proceeded to lock them in their cabins. Knowing they were all very religious, but whether from mockery or faith is uncertain, he ordered them to pray. The fire was extinguished, the storm abated, and they reached their destination safely, to be met in San Francisco by relatives and friends from Gollub, who had preceded them. We also know they were accompanied by other friends and relatives from Prussia.

The Levy family and the Sultan family were evidently more prosperous in the Old World than the Josephs. These people came over to New York 'en famile' and on to San Francisco, but not so the Josephs. Louis Joseph fled from Prussia at the age of 12, a stowaway on a sailing vessel. He apparently did not even know the ship's destination, for he landed in South America under the protection of a Catholic priest. On his way across the Atlantic he had to work

as a cabin boy and roustabout. He was ever avid for education and no doubt this characteristic caused the Catholic priest to take an interest in the boy. The crossings were long and tedious. The priest taught him how to write. He taught him Spanish and no doubt some Catholicism. He did not become a Catholic however, but this education and contact no doubt had a bearing on his liberalism regarding religion.

In later years he often reminisced about his life in South America with the Catholic priest. They wandered all over the then populated area, traveling by mule back from one parish to another. Sometimes they each had a mule, sometimes only one, so young Louis often walked. However, he apparently often doubted the priest's veracity and integrity. He felt he might have been only an opportunist rather than an ordained priest, perhaps a French Jew, thus perhaps fulfilling literally the theme of one of Father Crowley's favorite stories, -- a Rabbi and a Catholic Priest were having a glass of wine together, each was telling of his own faithful followers, their piety, devotion and their Church's financial success. Neither could outdo the other, so finally the Catholic Priest turned to the Rabbi and said, "There is just one thing I cannot understand -- how did the Rabbis ever overlook such a good business proposition as the Catholic Church?" Louis felt that the Priest was robbing the people in the name of the Church. However, he ate well most of the time and learned a great deal.

How long this lasted he failed to remember, but we find him next in New York City meeting his family from Lankorsch. It is doubtful if they tarried long in New York. His mother in later years often told of his being a source of constant worry and anxiety to her on this trip from New York to San Francisco around the Horn. His freedom from parental supervision had no doubt caused him to be rather incorrigible as far as his parents were concerned. But we must remember he was also very familiar with traveling by this time and no doubt desired to show off his prowess. Anyway, he ruined the trip for his parents, two brothers and three sisters by being as daring as he dared, swinging on all the ropes, riggings, and booms of the ship. She expected him to be killed at any moment; not a pleasant feeling for a mother at any time, under any circumstances.

California was reached. San Francisco, the most cussed and discussed City of the world was home for the Harris, Sultan, Levy, and Joseph families. The people from Gullup and Lankorsch were again living side by side, the old folks continuing in their old world ways and ideas. The young people, however, had to meet an entirely strange new way of life.

* * * * * *

THE LEVY FAMILY

Young Henry Levy tried barbering first, accumulated some money, for they were frugal indeed, then engaged in the drayage business, but this was not too successful. Henry Levy had known Isaac Harris in

San Francisco, Henry now was seeking other opportunities and Isaac encouraged him to come to Independence. His daughters tell us he was at the Presidio prior to his coming to Owens Valley. In 1874 he reached Owens Valley, entering it from the south on foot. As in San Francisco, he soon set himself up as a barber and later engaged in the hotel business. He was prospering, so went to San Francisco to marry Hulda Sultan, sister of Mary Sultan, Minnie Joseph's mother. They were only married a year when she died. Later he returned to San Francisco and there met Mary Joseph, 17 years of age, a sister of Louis Joseph. He married her in 1876 and brought her to Independence by way of Caliente, where the railroad ended, then by horse stage through Havilah, Indian Wells, Mountain Springs Canyon, Darwin, and Lone Pine. Eight children were born to them, of whom four are still living, still residents of Independence. Mary (Joseph) Levy is also still living in Independence with her daughters. The hotel business that Henry Levy established in 1874 was managed by him until his death in 1925, and since then by his family, being the oldest business under one continuous management in Inyo County. It was sold to the City of Los Angeles in 1932, but the family continued its operation until 1945.

Those surviving are Edith Levy Brierly, wife of Arlie A. Brierly, county surveyor and cattleman of Independence; Birdie Levy Yandell, wife of Ben Yandell, attorney in Independence; Lena Levy, who never married, and Minnie Levy Mairs, wife of Pete Mairs, cattleman.

Henry Levy)
married) No children.
Huldah Sultan) Huldah died 1875.

Henry Levy)
married) daughters (Lena - never married.
Mary Joseph) (Minnie - married Mairs - child Russell
(Birdie - married Yandell - child Alfred
(Edith - married Brierly - child Arlene

sons (One son drowned when a young man.
(Milton - never married - deceased
(Walter - married Mary Singlaub, deceased

THE WOODS FAMILY

Isaac Harris and Louis Woods married sisters -- Isaac marrying Mary Sultan and Louis marrying Johanna Sultan. Young Isaac came to Independence first, then encouraged Louis Woods, his brother-in-law to come also. Four children were born to the Louis Woods -- George, who continued to manage the store after his father's death, Jeanette, Etta, and Blanche. Louis Woods was a tailor at first, then opened a general merchandise store located just south of the County Jail. The area is now a small City Park. The building had considerable depth, the front being used as the store, and the back portion the home. 'Tis said that Isaac Harris loaned Louis Woods the money to set up his store in competition to his own

business. However, the families were always very congenial, the sisters very dear to each other, so evidently in those early mining days there was plenty for both.

Business prospered, and the family grew. Children educated and married. In 1903 the mother passed away, being buried in Independence. Louis Woods continued living in the Valley, operating his business with the assistance of his son George until the year 1917. At that time he departed for Alameda to live with his two daughters, Etta and Blanche, neither of whom were married. At this writing the two daughters are still living in Alameda, but the father passed away a number of years ago.

George married a San Francisco girl and they remained in Independence until about 1930; at that time they sold their property to the City of Los Angeles. They are now living near Santa Barbara on a small avocado ranch.

Jeanette, the oldest daughter, was married to Marshall Naylor, brother of George Naylor, county supervisor for many years. They are now living in La Mesa, near San Diego, and have a lovely home and an orchard of avocados. Marshall Naylor was the first white child born in Big Pine and at one time operated the Norman House in Independence, located just across the main street from the store. Marshall Naylor's father had the first general merchandise store in Big Pine, and at the time of his death owned a 160-acre ranch there.

Louis Woods married Johanna Sultan) George, married
) Jeanette, married Marshall Naylor, child Sybil
Etta - Never married
Blanche - never married

THE HARRIS FAMILY

Young Isaac Harris lived in San Francisco with his parents and two brothers, Jake and Joe, until about 1860. What occupation he followed, we do not know, but apparently the family prospered. The Sultans, with their daughters, Huldah, Johanna, and Mary, did not do so well. There is no mention of sons coming to the New World and perhaps that accounts for their lack of adjustment to the exciting and strenuous living of early San Francisco. Girls were kept home, sheltered and protected from the evils of the worldly city and the old folks knew little of how to adjust themselves to this strange way of life.

However, be that as it may, in 1861 Isaac Harris married Mary Sultan. He bought a beautiful trousseau for her and they departed for the fabulous, boisterous, newborn mining camp of Aurora. Any information regarding life in Aurora is meagre. We do know, however, that there were 20 stores in the community, as well as 22 saloons and approximately 3000 people -- 200 of whom were women and 80 were children. Lots sold for from $2500 to $5000 each. Flour was $22 for a hundred pound sack and sugar was 50¢ a pound. From the

Masonic records we know that Isaac was a charter member of the Esmerelda Lodge No. 170 there, which received its Dispensation from the Grand Lodge in 1863. He was also a member of the Masonic Assoc: tion formed prior to that, the date being 1862.

Two children were born to this union in Aurora -- Lily , the oldest, and Joe. Joe Harris in later years told Arlie Brierly that his father, Isaac Harris, had a store in Aurora, what kind we cannot ascertain. But when the camp commenced to show signs of decline, the father looked for another location.

At that time the mines west of Independence at Kearsarge City showed great promise. Besides that, the mines which gave rise to Bend City and San Carlos, both east of the river, were flourishing. Fort Independence, with its soldiers, offered protection from the Indians as well as a source of revenue, and the new city of Independence was being established. However, mining was what the father mostly banked on, not agriculture, so to Independence he came. His stock of goods and household equipment were loaded on pack mules and brought to Independence. This was the year 1865, the year that the town of Independence was being laid out.

It was probably in 1865 that an old Mexican of Lone Pine, Larry Aram Bula, by name, hauled the merchandise from Aurora to Independence. Larry came from Aurora to Lone Pine with a pack train of 18 mules in the early '60s. Salt, hay, and feed were hauled to Aurora and usually the wagons were empty on the return trip. Larry's venture, however, had a sad ending -- he took his string of mules into Saline Valley after salt; the Indians attacked him and he was no doubt fortunate to get out alive, on the back of one mule. The remaining 17 mules were killed.

So Isaac Harris started in business in Independence in 1865, and had the first saloon in town. It consisted of a plank across two barrels and business was carried on without benefit of protection from the elements or mankind. Miners were good customers, but so too were the soldiers and their presence restrained any looting or thievery. Isaac Harris would come home in the evening with his pockets filled with gold dust and it was one of the children's earliest delights to see him empty them. Shortly afterward a tent was erected; perhaps one for the home as well as the business. However, an adobe building was soon built and this was home and business until the earthquake of 1872. Just where this building stood seems uncertain; perhaps where the present postoffice is today, or more probably near the courthouse on the southeast side. The reason for this probability is that this alley is called "Lily Alley" today, Lily being the name of the oldest girl in the family. The townsite proper of Independence, previously called "Little Pine" was laid out in 1866 on land owned by Thomas Edwards, the oldest patented land on record in Inyo County. When it was laid out all the alleys were given names, the names being the daughters of the pioneers of that community. The building which housed the Harris general merchandise store is still standing, being on the corner where the Post Office and Morgan's Cafe are now located.

Early prosperity continued with the store serving as an express office and bank; anything and everything of value and importance being transacted through the store. Such was the early pioneer stores of Owens Valley. Isaac Harris became so enthused over the opportunities here that he wrote to his brother Joe in San Francisco to come, which he did. It is recorded in the "Story of Inyo" by Chalfant that Joe Harris ran for county treasurer in 1866. Whether he was elected at that time or not, is uncertain, but Eva Gunn tells the writer that she believes he was Inyo County Treasurer for a number of years. Joe first operated a saloon, probably the one Isaac Harris started in 1865. No doubt as he began his general merchandise business he had need of Joe's assistance.

Fort Independence was established by a company of cavalrymen from the Los Angeles-San Pedro area. They were ordered up into the Valley to quell the Indian warfare, and on July 4th, 1862 they made camp at Oak Creek. They erected a 50-foot flagstaff, raised the flag, fired salutes, gave three times three cheers and because of the day, this site was named Fort Independence. Homes were built and a school started. Lily and Joe went to this school and so did Minnie, who was the third child of this family, born in 1868. The children of the community were usually taken to school in a spring wagon which was the school bus of the day. There were three other children in the Harris family; following Minnie was Henry, then Lena, and the youngest, Huldah.

Elementary education was all that was available at Fort Independence, so the two older children, Lily and Joe, who were born in Aurora, were sent to San Francisco. Minnie and the three younger children often had to ride horseback to school. When the spring wagon was operating, 17 of them could ride in it -- a considerable scramble, I can surmise, and in one of these scrambles Minnie, being very small, slipped on the wheel and broke her arm and leg. With her broken arm and leg, combined with her petiteness, blond curly hair and blue eyes, she easily became the school pet, pampered and perhaps spoiled a wee bit. This was abetted a short time later when Minnie and Annie Malone Nelligan, mother of Belle Holland, were riding the same old horse. They rode up to the watering trough and promptly off fell both youngsters, Minnie on the bottom, Annie on top. So another broken arm. Minnie and Annie were raised together, friends as children, friends in their later years, friends until death separated them.

March 26, 1872, at two-thirty a.m. there came a mighty rumble and an earthquake of terrific proportion rocked the valley for three minutes. In the first twenty-four hours more than 200 shocks were experienced. People were panic-stricken. All adobe buildings collapsed as well as the used brick courthouse. However, only one frame building went down. Thus the end of the adobe house. When the first shake came, the family thought it was the stage coming across the creek on the gravel stones. This stream ran open and unbridged right across the main street near where the Court House stands today. The family rushed outside, and upon counting noses,

Henry was found to be missing. The father rushed back inside and found the child's bed entirely surrounded by broken adobe bricks, but the child was untouched and still sleeping. The father snatch him up and ran to the door, just getting outside when the entire fireplace collapsed. From this catastrophe only one death in Independence was recorded.

A new home was quickly built, this time a frame construction. The lumber used in these old buildings was all hauled in by team from San Pedro, as was the furniture. Isaac Harris was financially very comfortable by this time and the home was well built and well furnished, as is shown by the love-seat in the writer's hallway. Minnie, as well as the other children, were raised in this home, which is just back of the post office of today, just back of the store then. A granary was between the house and the store, and here the children helped their father in their small way, sewing and mending the sacks of grain and feed.

Pioneer life was friendly and interesting. When Independence finally received its first school the grounds were still as Mother Nature had planned. The creek running across main street was bridged in 1872, but no attempt was made to govern its course, and the result was a nice-sized pond on the school ground. What fun! Ice skating in the winter, paddling and swimming in the summer. There was a raft on it and many notable escapades and near tragedies were enacted there, as well as along the stream running through the village. Dances were often, parents taking mattresses with them on which the younger children slept, while their parents proceeded to dance 'till morn.

Two Christmas trees were erected every Christmas in the Court House. There were no individual trees; this was a true community tree, and every family participated and each brought all their presents for Santa Claus to distribute. Rivalry for the greatest number of presents caused the girls to accumulate broken dishes, statuary and so forth, wrap them up as brightly as possible, and put them on the tree for themselves.

Isaac Harris was a charter member, as well as the first Treasurer of Inyo Lodge #221, the oldest existing lodge in Eastern California. The Dispensation for this lodge was requested in 1871 and the Charter was received in 1872.

In 1872 Isaac Harris, then 40 years old, took as a partner Henry Rhine. Henry Rhine was the father of Bert Rhine who established the old Istalia Hotel in Bishop. In 1873 gold was discovered in Panamint. By 1875 2,000 people were there, so it is said. Harris and Rhine, being ever ambitious and energetic, put in a small store there. 'Tis said that a man by the name of Cohn operated the store for Harris and Rhine in Panamint, but of this fact I am not certain. However, the Panamint store was built and shortly thereafter burned to the ground. The venture was short-lived and no doubt the financial success small. This Cohn probably worked for Eibeshutz of Independence, a competitive store.

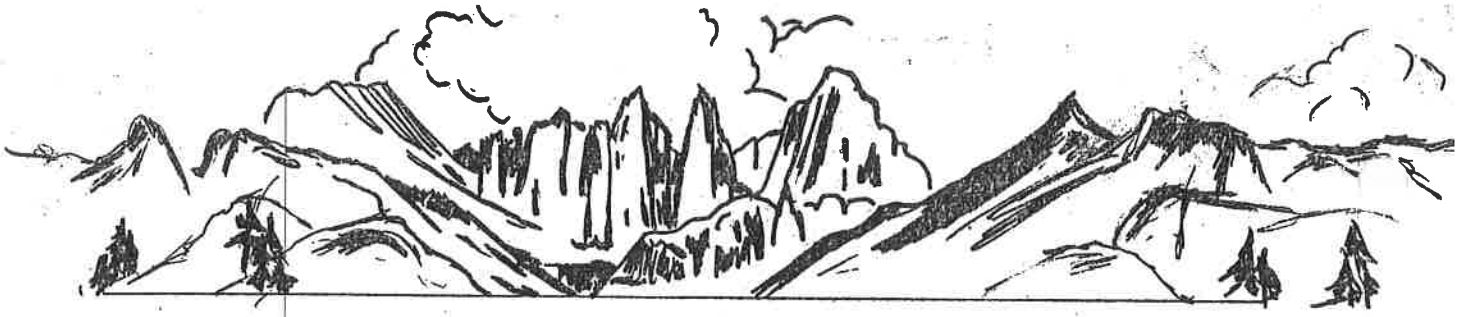
The partnership of Harris & Rhine continued until 1884, when Isaac Harris sold his interests to Henry Rhine. Inquiry regarding the reason for Isaac Harris selling out to Rhine has brought various answers. Mrs. Gunn, who remembers them all well, says it was caused by ill health, and that he left for San Francisco with $100,000.00. The family seems to feel the amount was nearer $50,000.00 and the cause two marriageable sons and four marriageable daughters. Minnie was then 16 years of age and the other girls, as well as Henry, had not been to San Francisco for an education, as the two older children had. That Mr. Rhine and Mr. Harris were congenial and good friends was assured by the fire of 1886. Nearly the entire main street of Independence was burned at that time, but was rebuilt almost before the ashes were cool. Mr. Rhine telegraphed Mr. Harris the news in San Francisco and Mr. Harris immediately sent food, clothing, and other necessities to the people of the community.

The home in Independence was rented to Kate Mulholland Spainhower, perhaps sold shortly afterward, and a beautiful new 16-room house was acquired in San Francisco, located on Turk Street. Another house on Sutter Street was also acquired, which was a rental. Isaac Harris lived only three years after leaving Independence, passing away in 1887. Independence was their home, their happiness and success. Mary, the mother, was not a business woman and she gradually lost what was left her. Lily had married a man by the name of Harris before her father died and the mother financed Joe, the second child in a business venture in Millville. Joe was not the business man his father was and the venture proved to be unprofitable. The children married, one by one, and the 16-room mansion became ultimately a boarding house. However, regardless of her strained financial circumstances, there was never a time that all and any of her friends from Independence were not welcome to her home. The happiest years of her life were spent in Independence. Life in San Francisco was lonely for the younger girls. They would sit on the front steps of their new home and cry because the people going by would not call to them or speak to them as the people in Independence had done. The lovely old home was disposed of and Mary Harris spent her last years with her daughter Lena, who had married Bert Kahn; Bert Kahn was the brother of Julius Kahn, U.S. Congressman from San Francisco for 16 years.

Mary Harris passed away in 1908 at the age of 67. She was survived by both sons, Joe and Henry, who both live in San Francisco, and her daughters Minnie Joseph of Big Pine, Lena Kahn, with whom she was living, and Huldah who was married to Jake Adolph, and living in Truckee at that time.

Isaac Harris) married) Mary Sultan)	Lily (deceased)	Herman Harris	(Arthur, Mendez)
	Joe (deceased)	Sarah Joseph	(Irma, Hazel, Ralph)
	Minnie (deceased)	Louis Joseph	(Irving, Douglas)
	Henry	Anna Soloman	
	Lena	Bert Kahn	
	Huldah	Jake Adolph	

Zella H Joseph



THE JOSEPH FAMILY

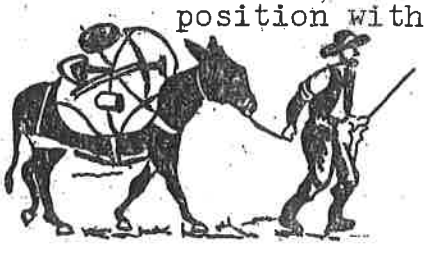
The Joseph family, consisting of the two parents, three girls and three boys, arrived in San Francisco exhausted physically and financially. As I have mentioned previously, the eldest daughter Mary married Henry Levy and is still living in Independence; the second daughter Rosie married Abe Hockwald of San Francisco. She is still living and has two sons who operate the Hockwald Chemical Company of San Francisco and Los Angeles. The third daughter, Sarah, married Joe Harris, brother of Minnie Joseph of San Francisco. She is also still living and has a son Ralph in business in Los Angeles and a married daughter Irma living in San Francisco; a second daughter Hazel is unmarried, with whom she is living. Of the sons, only Joe is still living, in San Francisco and is retired.

Of Louis Joseph's early experiences in San Francisco we know little. From conversations with him, it appears his father was a dealer in hides and sheep in the old country, which would not prepare him for early conditions in San Francisco. Of Louis's early life we do kno. that he managed a store in Ukia for B. Marks who was a brother of A. Marks of Marks and Cohn who owned a store in Bishop. They were successful merchants and still operating in Bishop when the writer arrived in 1921 via Tioga Pass and a much-torn-up Sherwin Grade. At that time the store was operated by a man by the name of Louis Wiel.

From his Ukian venture, he evidently accumulated sufficient money to purchase a store at Oroville. How long he operated this store we do not know. However, it can be safely assumed that it was a financial success.

The next business venture we know of was in Tacoma. Through some business or family connections, he had been able to secure the position of manager of a hotel just completed there. He and Minnie Harris were married in 1890 and evidently the train trip to Tacoma was their honeymoon. Wedding presents were very important in those days, as well as now, and Minnie's sisters, Lena and Huldah, wrapped them carefully and shipped them to Tacoma. They were only there a short time when the hotel burned to the ground; they lost all their personal belongings as well as the wedding presents, and a promising business opportunity.

They returned to San Francisco and Louis secured a position with Levy, Zentner & Co., a wholesale



produce company, still in existence. His position took him up and down the Sacramento Valley where he bought produce for the company. He received $85 a month, which in those days was a good salary; but a salary was not what he desired. The family feel certain that he attempted a business venture, one or two, the exact time and nature of the ventures is not known, but they evidently were not too successful. However, he was not to be discouraged, and he tried his luck again, this time in a hardware and crockery business on Sixth Street. This venture too proved unprofitable. At this time Irving, the oldest son, was born in the year 1891 at the home of his grandmother Harris on Turk Street.

In 1892 Mary Levy of Independence, sister of Louis Joseph, made a trip to San Francisco to visit her people. She found Louis in financial difficulty again, but this time with a wife and infant son. He inquired of his sister regarding the conditions and opportunities in Independence; she said she would write to her husband, Henry, and see what could be done. Henry's reply was far from promising. He carefully explained that his business was only a small country hotel but if Louis wished to come he would try and keep him occupied. So it was that when Mary Levy returned, her brother Louis was with her. He waited on tables, 'tended bar and did anything and everything that was necessary around the place. He was then in his early thirties.

He had left his wife Minnie and infant son Irving in San Francisco with her mother Mary Harris. As soon as he was financially able, he sent for them and they rented the house where Mrs. Cragen now has her antique shop. In all probability this situation continued for approximately two years, but he was not content and decided once more to attempt a store of his own.

Big Pine was a thriving little agricultural community with a hotel and annex on the site now occupied by the present motel. Louis felt he surely could make a living there. Henry Levy loaned his $200 and so did J. K. Eibeschutz of Independence, giving him a total capital of $400.

So in 1895 to Big Pine he moved, and rented two rooms on the lower floor of the old two-story annex building of the hotel, located on the northwest corner of Main Street and Crocker Avenue. The front room of the annex was the store, and old-timers say it was hardly as big as a good-sized bedroom; in fact I deduct that is exactly what it had been in the stage coach days. The rear room was the home for Minnie and her small son.

There were no fixtures or equipment in this store, nor did Louis have the means to buy them. He ordered his first bill of goods on credit and used most of his original $400 to pay the freight on them. The boxes in which the goods were shipped he used for the counters. Now he was established in business. Most of the money was gone; all he had left was courage, determination, and the willingness to work.

In spite of his two business failures in San Francisco, it is evident that he ended his failures with sound business principals, always paying his obligations and maintaining a good standard of credit. No doubt in his earlier San Francisco business experiences, he had come in contact with the wholesale grocery firm of Haas Bros. and the old established wholesale men's ready-to-wear firm of Levi Strauss & Co. When he opened his store in Big Pine in 1895 these two firms shipped him his first merchandise on credit, with no security whatsoever, except his past reputation. The favors extended to him by these two companies were never forgotten, and Mr. Haas was ever a sound counselor as well as a good friend. In later years, when the boys were prone to look elsewhere for cheaper prices, he never failed to remind them of the obligation he still felt was due Haas Bros. and Levi Strauss. So it was that Irving and Douglas bought merchandise from Haas Bros. and Levi Strauss in San Francisco long after Los Angeles was the better market, due to the shipping charges involved.

By nature Louis was an optimist as well as a gambler, and he was ever ready to take a chance on anybody or anything. He never refused a needy person food and tried to teach his boys the same ideas, but they felt he was often imposed upon, and sometimes they refused to give as generously as he did. One day he overheard Douglas refusing a man food; after the man departed, Douglas received a thorough going over, the lecture ending with this remark "You don't know what it is to be hungry". He no doubt had had this experience himself, but the boys never questioned him regarding it and he never volunteered the information. It could have been in his early days in South America, or perhaps in early San Francisco -- we do not know.

In 1895, as poor as he was, he could not resist buying a Chinese lottery ticket. He could not spare $20 for the entire purchase of the ticket, so he induced three other men to join him, each putting up $5. Lady Fortune smiled upon them and their ticket won fourth place, paying $3750. Each received $900 in cash. What a fortune! This money was used to pay his first bills of merchandise and he no doubt felt like a millionaire. Now he was truly solvent. His credit was more substantial than ever, and he would nothhave to worry about the replenishment of it.

Shortly after he opened up, one of his competitors, namely Thomas & Hill, either failed or decided to close, and this became his opportunity to make the first move for expansion. He acquired their fixtures, probably very poor, but better than dry goods boxes, and moved across the street, probably in August 1895. Now he was growing. Each morning he would get up early, take his horse and spring wagon and make the rounds of the nearby farms, picking up fresh produce, eggs, live chickens and beef. The biggest percentage of this was taken over to Alvord, now Zurich, and was shipped to the mining camps at Hawthorne, Mina, Luning, Sodaville, Saline, and Keeler. Beef at that time was 6¢ a pound dressed, chickens $3 a dozen and eggs 15¢ a dozen. Minnie would open the store, pending his return.

At this time they were no doubt living next door to the store in a building standing on the property now occupied by Kahl's parking lot. Douglas was born there in 1897. They resided there until 1922 at which time they purchased the acreage on the south side of Crocker Avenue known as the Lochrie ranch; an old two-story building stood there with an old orchard on the west side. The house was remodeled and tree by tree the orchard was removed.

On the present site of the Joseph store building there was a saloon operated by Jake Miller. Louis Joseph bought this building in late '97 or early '98 and remodeled the building from top to bottom. For Big Pine at that time it was a fine looking store, clean and well painted. Shortly after the opening, business was sufficient to afford an assistant and Douglas Robinson of Bishop went to work for him at about the age of 16 years. He received the munificent sum of $10 a month with board and room. Minnie was an excellent cook and no doubt the board was good, but the room meant sleeping in the store. This particular sleeping room at that time is where the meat coolers are today. Douglas Robinson assures us the room was very fine, but the difficulty arose from the saloon on further north. The men would hang around the saloon until midnight or one o'clock and then come rap on his door for sardines and crackers. George Hall was the first employee, but he didn't stay long. George was a carpenter and could make $2 a day.

In 1899 Louis Joseph went to San Francisco for a month. The trip from Big Pine to San Francisco was very interesting and was made many times by all members of the family. It took three days and three nights to make the trip and the ticket cost $21. They went on the "Slim Princess" north from Zurich to Hawthorne, stayed overnight there and went on to Reno to await the transcontinental train. It was ever a thrilling experience to the youngsters. Douglas Robinson was only 17 years of age when Louis left him alone to run the store. Minnie stayed home to help him, attending to the store while Doug Robinson hauled the freight from Alvord and 'tended the old gray horse, the pet and joy of Doug's childhood. The store hours were very interesting, opening at six in the morning and closing at nine p.m. providing there were not too many people in the store discussing politics and news of the day. The store was supposed to be closed on Sunday; however, as I understand, it was open Sunday morning and if business was good, it stayed open, and if business was bad, it was closed. The usual old stove was there, but no spitoon, believe it or not. This Louis Joseph would not allow. Doug Robinson assures us he was ever even-tempered, but in later years this was not quite so. No doubt his two sons drove him to exasperation many times.

The Tonopah and Goldfield boom started in 1900 and as a result Lida became a prospecting area and showed considerable promise. Louis was shipping merchandise there and as the quantities increased, he started a branch store. In April 1905 Douglas Robinson was sent there, at the age of 23 years. There were competitors and while

business prospered, it was short-lived, and was closed in November 1907, a little over two years. The dry goods were shipped over fr the Big Pine store by stage, but the groceries, produce, and meat came in from Goldfield via the railroad. After 12 years of service, Douglas Robinson decided he would make a change, and in the early part of 1910 he left. At that time he was receiving $50 a month, plus the usual board and room.

Evidently mining was in everybody's blood in those days; anyway some of the dollars made in the Lida venture were put into mining stock. There is still in the family sufficient stocks to paper a room. How much money they represent is difficult to say, but their value today is nil. However, Louis Joseph made one successful purchase, namely, Whitecaps, upon which he recovered about $5000. This $5000 probably cost many more thousands later, as he was ever buying mining stock, expecting to win another jack-pot.

Louis Joseph was quite a linguist, speaking German, French and Spanish fluently, and some Chinese. He loved music, particularly grand opera and he owned records of many of the famous musicians. He read considerable and owned many books which were lost in the last fire in Big Pine in 1947. While he was interested in education, he wasn't so enthusiastic. Irving was sent to San Francisco in 1906 at the age of 15 years, to a commercial High School. It appears he decided he was too smart for the teachers, anyway he quit or got asked to quit and secured for himself a position with Globe Mills. His father was sending him money for his schooling, but when he found out Irving was working, (not through Irving) the allowance stopped quickly, and Irving was on his own. He lived with his Aunt Sarah, Louis Joseph's sister, the full six years he spent in San Francisco. In 1912 he was 21 and returned home, going to work for his father.

Douglas' education ran more smoothly, as far as it went. There was a high school in Big Pine by 1910 and he was not sent to San Francisco for his worldly and business experiences until 1913 when he was nearing his 17th birthday. He was scheduled to operate the dry goods portion of the store, so went to work for Moore Watson Dry Goods Co., wholesale operators. He amused himself evenings by playing the trombone and studying Spanish with an excellent Spanish teacher. In 1915 Irving married Jessie Peden, who with her family had been residents of Big Pine since 1909. In order that Irving might have a honeymoon, Douglas came home. When he returned to San Francisco he was refused his old job. The company knew he intended returning to Owens Valley and did not relish training him for someone else. He secured work from another dry goods firm, but was fired in a short time, and for three months he searched for work.

He was living with his Aunt Lena, Mrs. Bert Kahn, and while his pride was hurt and his spending money very limited, he was well cared for. He feels this three months' experience was invaluable to him, and after working in various places, came back home in 1916 to join his father and brother in the store.

The first World War was declared, and while Douglas was too young for the first draft, he would have been in the second call. In order to avoid this second drafting, he enlisted and joined the band at the Presidio in San Francisco. His services lasted approximately three months, two months playing in the band and parading up and down Market Street, and one month in the hospital with the flu.

The money made in Whitecaps probably took place around 1916, for that fall the father with his two sons began planning the new store, the present structure as it stands today. The old store had become too small. Fortunately, it stood in the center of the lot so they were able to build the new building right over the old one. They built first one wall and then the other, using one side of the building for "business as usual" while the other side was being built. When all the outside walls were up, the roof on and the floor down, a big dance was held in the building for the entire community and refreshments were served to all. One feature of the present building is interesting -- the two back doors being used today are the old original front doors of the original building. This was a momentous year for Louis Joseph. A fine new building all his own, with no indebtedness, two sons working with him, and his first grandson, Roy Joseph, son of Irving and Jessie, born October 1916.

Around this period the City of Los Angeles began buying land in lower Owens Valley, coming up north as far as Aberdeen. There was much unrest and dissatisfaction in the Valley; people were nervous and unhappy. Business was only fair. However, in 1921 the City of Los Angeles built the dam on Second Lake, headwaters of Big Pine Creek. This was a two-year job and gave considerable employment. Big trucks hauled materials to Little Pine Creek above the present power intake, from there the road was very poor but teams and wagons could navigate the grade to the present Glacier Lodge. This road, by the way, was all on the south side of the canyon, following along the stream. From Glacier Lodge to Second Lake it was all a pack train problem. This effort and expenditure was never utilized. The project brought in some undesirable people and one night robbers broke into the store and cracked open the safe. They were never apprehended; the currency and cash was lost, but the non-negotiable papers were located by a farmer. They had been buried on his ranch north and west of town, and as he was plowing one day, they were thrown to the surface.

It was also in this year of 1921 that the present High School and Grammar School building was completed. The old one stood on the corner of School Street and Crocker Avenue. The Indian schools were closed and Indian children were placed in the public school system for the first time. One of the new teachers was Zetta Hudson.

In 1923 Douglas Joseph was married to Zetta Hudson. That same year the City of Los Angeles started buying land around Big Pine proper and in October of that year the Big Pine Canal Holders voted to sell 'en block'. People were stunned. Many left the Valley and old-time friendships were separated, many of them forever.

From 1923 to 1927 many changes in business occurred. Many people felt the valley as such was ended. L. E. Belford, who owned and operated a hardware store in Big Pine, decided to go to Southern California. The Josephs still felt hopeful of the Valley and all decided to stay on, regardless. They felt however, the only chance of continuing a successful business with the loss of farms and people, was by expansion in more and more lines of merchandise. So the Belford stock was purchased, and they were in the hardware business. Hall and McAfee also had a hardware store on the west side of Main Street. They also wished to quit, so that stock was purchased. Then the Big Pine Lumber Company, owned by George Hall and E. S. Terry was purchased. That gave them the additional lines of paint, lumber, glass, and cement. This gave them a store with practically three departments -- groceries, managed by Irving; dry goods managed by Douglas; and hardware managed by Stewart Bedell, who had come to work for them when a young man in 1922. Then the powder business was added to their numerous lines, when the Wattersons of Bishop went broke in 1927.

On August 4th of that year every bank in the Valley was closed by the State Bank Examiners. Checks had always been the most universal means of transacting business, and August 5th found the business houses without sufficient cash to transact business. Josephs, Big Pine, was no exception. Douglas was on a pleasure trip to Alaska and Irving made a rush trip to Los Angeles to borrow $3,000 in cash to carry on the business. In less than 30 days the loan was paid off and within 3 months the business had become an old-fashioned bank as well as a general merchandise store. This brought back the same condition as existed in the old Harris and Rhine store in the early days of Independence.

As the boys, Douglas and Irving, became older and more efficient, The Boss, as they called their father, stayed less and less in the store and played more and more solo. He and his wife Minnie went to San Francisco more often and stayed for longer periods of time. He often amused himself in San Francisco by buying for the store, as he did in the old days. On one such occasion, around 1920, he made a purchase of a thousand dollars worth of dry goods and shoes from an auction sale. When Douglas opened the merchandise he had the surprise of his life. The merchandise was old, of faded materials, and included old pointed-toe high-top shoes with buttons, etc. His exasperation was so complete that he sat on the steps crying in rage, and throwing shoes, etc. one by one down the stairs to the basement. After the storm, the merchandise was re-crated and sold to the "Forty Thieves" for $60. The Boss never was able to live down that purchase and from then on took a minor part in the business. On a later trip to San Francisco in 1927, their home on Crocker Street burned to the ground.

Previously their son Irving had built a home beside the old place so the fire alarm was given quickly. Friends and foe alike came with their buckets and hose to assist. Everything of value was removed from the building, but the building itself had to burn, due to its height.

Louis Joseph then purchased the home of Mrs. Anna Davidson, wife of Dr. Davidson, on School Street. Here they resided for five years. Louis Joseph had previously deeded one-half of the Lochrie acreage to his son Irving and now the remaining half was given to his son Douglas. Douglas had been living in a rented house known as the Smith house, having been built by Millard and Effie Smith on the corner of Flower Alley and Dewey Street. In 1928 he built a new home where the old two-story house had stood, just west of Irving's home.

In 1932 Louis and Minnie decided to move to San Francisco where Minnie's sisters were living. Louis also had many old friends and relatives there. They purchased a home on Aptos Avenue and spent their remaining years there, with only occasional visits to the Valley. Louis passed away in 1935, July 7th, at the age of 81, after a lingering illness, and Minnie ten years later, December 3, 1945, aged 77 years. Before their death they had the pleasure and happiness of another grandson named Donald Irving Joseph, born December 1928, son of Irving and Jessie Joseph.

In the fall of 1930, Zetta Joseph's father, a merchant in Siskiyou County, passed away. There being no sons in his family, Douglas had promised him years back that in case of his death he would come and take charge of the business until it could be successfully disposed of. This Douglas did, returning to Big Pine in the spring of 1932 after having been gone two years. Those were trying years. They had locked up their new home, less than a year old, and were happy to return. However, the City of Los Angeles was buying property in Big Pine proper, and forcing people to make a decision, sell or not. After many family discussions, it was decided to sell everything and lease back the property. This was done with the business property as well as the homes. Prices were good, and it seemed a sound business arrangement. The store building, however, was repurchased in June of 1942, but the homes were never repurchased, although the repurchase prices were very reasonable.

In spite of the additional lines, business was dropping off and the family needs increasing. An opportunity seemed to be open in Bishop, and Douglas desired to further expand, although Irving felt it was too bold a venture. But in January 1935 Douglas purchased the Bishop business of Cy Williams, known as the Pioneer Market, in the location now occupied by the Gus Shultz 5 and 10¢ store. An arrangement was soon made with the City of Los Angeles for a remodeling of the old corner store building known as the Dell Lutz Grocery Store, located on the corner of East Line and Main Streets. The building had been condemned, and had to be remodeled from the foundation up. This was done; it was repainted, and re-equipped, and Josephs opened up there March 1, 1935, as a food store only. By the end of 4 years the building had become inadequate, and a move was desired. In 1939 Douglas and Zetta bought the old Bulpitt store building located on the corner of Main and Church Streets and after tearing down the old building, erected a new modern food market.

The following year Irving purchased the John C. Morris store in Lone Pine on the east side of Main Street, opening a food market a dry goods store. In 1941 Irving and Jessie purchased property further south on the west side of Main Street and built a new building for their business. This left Stewart Bedell in charge of the old pioneer store of Big Pine, the stock of merchandise which was sold to him in 1948 after a costly fire there in 1947.

While the three stores are separately owned today, they are still held closely together by the operation of the Owens Valley Freight Line, a trucking company owned and operated by Douglas and Irving, running from Bishop to Los Angeles three times a week. This semi-truck and trailer stands in sharp contrast to the 18-mule teams that used to bring supplies in to their grandfather in Independence in 1865.

Zetta M Joseph

ENLOE AND BRIERLY FAMILIES

For seventy-five years the ancestors of Hugh and Emily Enloe had been moving westward in search of a better country, so in the spring of 1853, they also started making plans to go farther west.

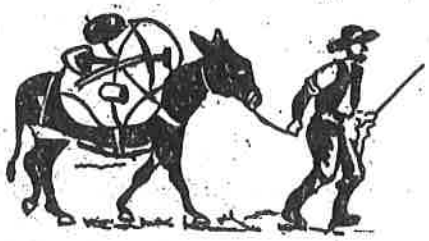
On April 11, 1853 they left Missouri with a wagon train made up of other relatives, with California as their destination. All the families of this train were of good pioneer stock with visions of a country which would be ideal both in climate and land. They were not people who cared for gold, but land on which to graze their cattle and horses, and grow crops.

Having been residents of Missouri, they were not too friendly with the Mormons, so instead of traveling by way of Salt Lake, the train followed a northern route. Five months went by before they arrived in California. The trip was uneventful and peaceful. The only event happened at the crossing of the Green River when one of the cows in their team had a bull calf. This little calf was hauled in the wagon one day and walked the rest of the way to California.

The wagon train of which Hugh and Emily were a part finally arrived in Jackson, Amador County, September 15, 1853. Just three days later, on September 18, 1853, Rachel Enloe was born, this making four children.

The families couldn't agree on the place to go so the Enloe party divided at Jackson. One group going to the vicinity of Petaluma -- Hugh and Emily with their children traveled to Visalia where Emily had a brother, Abe Murry. Here they settled down and began raising stock. It was here that Rachel grew to young womanhood and became an expert rider. The side saddle she used was made to order in Santa Cruz in 1865. It was a very fine saddle, now in the possession of her son, Arlington A. Brierly, of Independence. Although this saddle had been subjected to much hard usage, after 85 years it is still in very good condition.

The San Joaquin Valley in the late fifties and early sixties was very sparsely settled, with plenty of grass making it the ideal country for raising cattle and horses. While here in the valley they laid out the town of Porterville. Such cities as Fresno and Bakersfield did not exist.



After many years of ranging their cattle over the open spaces, using the free and easy system then prevalent, a law was passed in 1872 called the "no fence" law, which compelled all cattlemen to keep their stock within bounds and not let them run here, there, and everywhere. The Enloe's activities in the livestock industry were greatly curtailed and soon they decided this wasn't the country for them.

In the spring of 1876, Hugh and Emily with their four children and four grandchildren started for Bishop where Emily's sister was living. With them came 80 head of horses and a herd of cattle.

When they first saw Owens Valley they decided this was the country they had been looking for. Everything was so green, with plenty of water and lots of land.

The first of the family to come into the valley was Enoch Enloe. This was in 1859 when he was but twelve years old and he brought a band of cattle through the valley going to "Mono Diggins"; he then returned to the San Joaquin.

Hugh and Emily settled on a ranch southeast of town. Two of the grandchildren died in a short time and were buried in the Pioneer Cemetery at Bishop. In a short time their daughter Rachel homesteaded some government land. She was the first woman in Inyo County to do this and may have been the first in the State as her right to do so was seriously questioned.

Rachel was greatly interested in livestock. Among the cattle brough. to the valley were the descendants of the bull calf born at Green River. Her son A. A. Brierly of Independence still has descendants of this same bull after all these years.

Rachel was a woman of keen intellect, sound judgment and untiring energy. She had a material and substantial part in bringing two ranches from sagebrush to full production. She was vitally interested in everything that went on, read extensively and had very decided opinions. She was the only one of the family that ever accumulated any property. Rachel was the only one of the family to remain in Owens Valley over the years.

The Enloes built a road up Bishop Creek to what was known as the Enloe Wood Ranch. This was between the present Plant 4 and 5. After they built this road the whole town used it.

They also ran a milk wagon. The big milk cans were carried around in an open wagon. Each housewife came out with a can to buy milk at ten cents a gallon. They raised a quantity of hay and if they could get five dollars for a ton of loose hay, it was considered excellent return for their labors.

In the early days of Owens Valley money was not plentiful so a great deal of trading around was done. Rachel wanted a clock she had seen at the jewelers in Bishop. The jeweler said she could

have it for a load of hay. When she delivered the hay he couldn't use it as he already had so much. She then traded the hay for peaches which he would take. This clock is still keeping good time and now graces the home of her son in Independence.

Hugh Enloe had his best riding horse stolen one night and was so angry he took after the thief, riding Rachel's horse which was of racing stock. He traveled from Bishop to Candelaria, Nevada, in one day, a distance of about 100 miles. He recovered his horse and what happened to the thief is not known. Trouble with horse thieves was of frequent occurrence. At one time over 250 head were stolen.

Washington C. Brierly (Wash, as he was called) left Iowa in 1853. His destination was also California. This wagon train was also made up of relatives. As Wash was born in 1847 he was old enough to remember some of the trip. The wagon train left late in the season so could not go all the way in the remaining portion of the year 1853. As they were friendly with the Mormons they decided it was best to spend the winter of 1853 in Salt Lake City. Wash could remember the buffaloes on the way. While in Salt Lake City an Indian tried to buy his sister; being but six years old he was very frightened and never could forget the incident.

Early in 1854, the train left Salt Lake and reached Mormon Station, now Genoa, Nevada, too early to cross the Sierras. They waited sometime here and were the first to cross the summit through Kit Carson's Pass, in 1854, this being on the Fourth of July. By the time they reached Jackson, the Enloes had moved on.

Wash Brierly grew to young manhood in Amador County; outside of the time he spent in school in Sacramento, Amador County was his home until he reached his middle twenties.

Some time was spent in San Louis Obispo and it was from here in 1874 that he made a trip by horseback to Prescott, Arizona, with a band of mules. This took many weeks. When he returned he went back to Amador County.

In 1863, when a boy of sixteen, he decided to go to Virginia City. He made this trip over the Sierras on snow shoes. He returned home, but went again to Nevada in the late seventies. Wash was in Dayton, Nevada, when news of the new gold strike at Mammoth reached him so he decided to come on to Mammoth. The town was booming and everyone having a good time. They skated, snow-shoed, also danced many a night away.

In the winter of 1880 the big snow came and buried the town, 22 feet of snow falling in one storm. Wash was one of the men who went out from Mammoth to look for William Haynes, the mail carrier. They found him at Deadman Station, exhausted and almost frozen. It is said he made only seventy-five feet in three days. They took him back to Mammoth but he had been frozen to such an extent that he died in a short time.

After Mammoth went down, Wash Brierly came on down to Bishop. This was in the spring of 1881. A newspaper man by the name of Glenn made the journey with him. When they reached the top of Sherwin Hi and he looked down into Round Valley, he turned to his friend and said, "I think this is the most beautiful sight I have ever seen".

In the spring of 1881 he met Rachel Enloe. After a short courtship they were married on July 17, 1881.

For a time he was employed by J. H. Stoutenborough, who had a general store at the corner of East Line and Main Street. In those days it was customary to keep dynamite stored in a shed back of the store. One day it blew up, blowing all the windows out of their house which was located just back of the store. He later managed a store for the same man in Round Valley. He also hauled lumber from Mammoth by team.

They at one time lived on East Line Street. This house is still standing and is still owned by the Brierly family.

Wash was Justice of the Peace of Bishop for a while and then he returned to the San Joaquin Valley. He came back to Bishop in 1890 and spent the rest of his life on the ranch southeast of Bishop.

It was something to travel by team to Los Angeles in the early days but trips were made ever so often. It took from ten to twelve days to go one way. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. (Wash) Brierly made one of the last pleasure trips out of the valley in a buckboard with one horse. This was in 1911, when they made a trip to San Diego to visit relatives. They went by the way of Cajon Pass, returning by the way of Santa Ana and the Antelope Valley.

It is interesting to note the fact that, while this trip required several months, the memory of the horse was such that after passing Independence he traveled at a rapidly increasing pace and by the time he reached the ranch entrance they couldn't control him. He raced right to the barn.

Soon after this trip, the horse and buggy method of travel was replaced by the automobile, bringing to the Owens Valley a new era in transportation.

Rachel and Washington C. Brierly had three children, Elwyn, who died in infancy, Emily, born October 3, 1891, Arlington Augustus, born January 20, 1884. Emily married Vernon H. Jenkins, a Bishop boy, who is now Vice-President of the Occidental Life Insurance Company with his home in Alhambra. Emily had two children, Marian, who passed away about four years ago and Gordon who is also employed by Occidental.

Arlington Augustus was born on the ranch 1½ miles southeast of Bishop. Outside of the four years he spent in college at Los Angeles, he has spent his whole life in Inyo, the greater part of it around Independence.

In 1915 he was married to Angie McGovern who came from an old pioneer family. Her father, Gus McGovern, was an outstanding character and her grandfather John Kispert was here during the Indian troubles. Hugh Enloe Brierly, named after his great grandfather, was the only child of this marriage.

In 1931 Arlington was married again, this time to Edith Levy, who also comes of an old Inyo family. Her father came to Independence in 1874 where he operated a hotel until the time of his death. Her mother came to Independence in 1874 as a bride and is still living there. Arlene is the only child of this marriage.

Arlington A. Brierly has been outstanding in Inyo County for his work in education. Some eighteen years were spent in this line, first as a teacher, then a County Superintendent of Schools, and Supervisor of Elementary Schools. Other public offices he held were Under Sheriff, Probation Officer and Assessor; for the past fourteen years he has been County Surveyor.

During all of this time he has had cattle and horses. At the present time this is his principal interest. The stock is wintered on some 9,000 acres of land south of Bishop which he has leased from the City of Los Angeles.

Hugh Enloe Brierly, his son, attended the University of Southern California where he studied law. He is now practicing law in Bishop and is also Justice of the Peace. He is married to Patricia Lowe of Big Pine and they have one child, Judith. This little girl belongs to the fifth generation of this family - all having spent most of their lives in Owens Valley.

The grandparents of Arlington A. Brierly, also his mother and father, are buried in the Pioneer Cemetery at Bishop. His mother, Rachel Enloe Brierly, was 89 years old at the time of her death in 1942.

Mildred Lowden

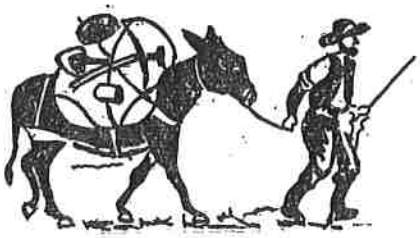
THE SKINNER FAMILY

Joseph V. Skinner, whom I shall refer to later as Grandfather Skinner, came west in 1878. The Skinners were early settlers of New York State, coming there from Holland. Joseph was the eldest of ten children born to the John Skinners. John Skinner, who was born in the Mohawk Valley, New York, moved to Iowa with his bride in 1838. Before leaving New York he had lived in the same town as Joseph Smith the Morman leader, but chose to move to Iowa to take up a homestead as he was not interested in joining the new religious movement. Their first child, Joseph, was born at Ft. Madison, Iowa in 1839, the first male white child to be born there. In 1840, Charles Skinner, who also came to Inyo County, was born.

As a young man Joe Skinner became interested in mining and in 1859 went to Colorado. When the Civil War broke out he enlisted in a Colorado regiment which fought the Indians. He had great tales to tell his children and grandchildren of his encounters with the Indians, two of his favorites being the Battles of Sand Creek and of Apache Canyon. At Sand Creek he saw an Indian brave behind a log, then felt something warm on the side of his head. An arrow had grazed along his temple, ear and scalp, leaving a scar on his scalp where the hair never grew back. Charles Skinner enlisted in an Iowa regiment.

Joe Skinner returned to Iowa when the war was over. There he met his future wife, Marguerite Jane Robinson, who was attending college at the time. She was born in Pennsylvania in 1844. She was named after her great-aunt Marguerite de Vini, who was said to be a most charming red headed French woman. All of her other ancestors were of Scotch origin. At the age of sixteen she was married to Ashel Hall, who was killed in the Civil War. To them a son was born. Her family moved to Iowa in 1866. There she completed her college education and taught school. In 1867 she and Joe Skinner were married.

In 1876 they moved to Missouri where he engaged in the business of buying and selling cattle. Joe had developed asthma and the doctors told him he must go to some other climate if he hoped to recover. He wrote to a friend, Mary Huber, whose husband was superintendent of The Yellow Jack Mine at Virginia City. They sent word that he could get work there and to come.



He traveled by train arriving in Reno in March 1878. He spent one winter in Virginia City as under-sheriff.

Joe Skinner then traveled to Bridgeport where the Barnes brothers, whom he had known previously, were located. They had a Way Station. Joe homesteaded a ranch in Big Meadows and started a fast freight. He hauled perishables from Carson to Bodie for $3.50 a pound. He saved his profits and with them bought big teams and wagons in order to haul heavy freight.

In 1879 Joe sent for his family to come west. By this time there were five children. Jessie, the eldest was twelve, then Max, Fred, June and Bill, the youngest, aged two. Most of the trip was made by train taking about two weeks. The train was equipped with bunks where they could sleep and a stove to cook on. The mother took quantities of bologna, sausage, and french twist bread and bought food wherever available along the way. Jessie has told me that even to this day she can't bear the thought of bologna and french twist bread. They saw many large herds of wild buffalo, antelope and deer, the train having to stop several times to let them pass. The train which preceded them had been attacked by Indians. Because of this, great precautions were taken on this trip -- the train traveling by night without lights as a safety measure.

Joe Skinner met his family in Reno. They went to Carson on the Virginia-Truckee railroad, where they left the train and traveled in a covered wagon to Bridgeport. An overnight stop was made at Sweetwater where Tom Williams, his wife and daughter had a Way Station. This was the same house which Tom Williams, of Bishop, bought later and where many Bishop people went yearly for a big overnight old time dancing party. It recently burned.

The Skinners arrived in Bridgeport March 11th, 1880, to find the valley covered with snow and the weather bitter cold. The ranch which he was homesteading is now known as the Hunnewell Ranch. The father made a living for the family by teaming from the saw mills to Bodie. The children went to school in Bridgeport for one year. Among their schoolmates was the late Jess Summers and his sister Mrs. Mary Kinney. Grandmother Skinner has told me how very, very homesick she was and how she longed for her friends and the green wooded hills of Missouri. When she could bear it no longer she would go out in the tall rabbit brush and have her cry out, then return with a smile to her family, because she knew that for the sake of Grampa Skinner's health they must remain in the west.

In 1881 they turned the homestead over to Hunnewell and went by team over Sonora Pass to Stanislaus County. Grampa Skinner and Jimmy Barnes had a very successful winter using their teams to plow the wheat fields. Jimmy Barnes wanted to go back to Bridgeport, so in February of 1882 they started back. They camped for some time on the White River waiting for the Green Horn Pass to be opened. Jessie remembers stopping at Coyote Holes where she saw barrels of water and grain which had been left by other travelers for their return trips.

THE LUBKEN FAMILY

Prominent among early pioneers of southern Inyo County is the Lubken family, a descendant of whom has continued to serve an important part in the development and administration of Inyo County's local government. Citizens of Inyo County are familiar with the name John H. Lubken as chairman of their Board of Supervisors, but few know the early history of his family or that of southern Inyo.

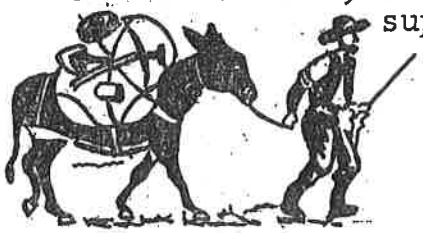
Since 1915 Mr. Lubken has held an annual dinner for the Masons and Knights at which many stories of early Inyo and its citizens are related. With a sharp, keen memory, Mr. Lubken can accurately unfold many tales of early days.

The father, John F. Lubken, (1836-1893) was born in Hanover, Germany, on July 3, 1836. At the age of 15 he left Germany to try his fortune in the New World. His first glimpse of this fabulous country was upon his arrival in New York in 1851; however, his New York residence was quickly terminated when news of the Gold Boom in Australia filtered through to the States. He followed the Australian boom and when it began to dissipate, he returned to New York where he was employed as a clerk in a mercantile store.

Fantastic stories of California properity and gold strikes began to gnaw at the imagination of John F. Lubken. He decided that his fortune lay not in clerking but in the California gold fields. He left New York, came by way of Panama, landed in California, and established his residence in Inyo County in the fall of 1862.

His original home was at George's Creek, a settlement located 6 miles north of Lone Pine; this area is more recently known as Manzanar. He remained there until 1869 at which time he moved to Lone Pine, a community which was so named after a tree in the Alabama Hills. This original homestead was later acquired by John W. Lacey, father of Mark B. Lacey. Eventually it was sold to the City of Los Angeles.

In 1869 Lone Pine was a community with an international complexion. Although many nationalities were represented, the Mexicans and the Cornish or Welsh miners were the most predominant. The population was a floating one, consisting mostly of miners who worked the Cerro Gordo, Keeler, Darwin, and Panamint mines; Lone Pine served as their center for supplies and for pleasure.



In partnership with Louie Munzinger, John F. Lubken established a very successful brewery business known as the Germania. The success of the business was assured as it served the aforementioned mining population.

Mr. Lubken made his residence above his store, and during the earthquake of 1872 his one-and-a-half story gabled building gave way. John F., who was sleeping in his bunk upstairs, was soon catapulted to the first floor as the gable end of the building collapsed, bringing the first and second floors soundly together. Fortunately, he was not injured. But one of the many people who were killed as a result of being smothered to death by the adobe brick houses, was a son of his partner, Mr. Munzinger.

Mr. Lubken enjoyed a profitable business and retained his holdings through 1892 at which time he leased the building to Phillip Gerig. This particular property located on Brewery Street is now owned by Ben Baker and Genevieve Naffiziger. At the present time there are private residences on the property.

John H. Lubken's mother, Augusta M. L. Roeper, was born in 1856 near Berlin, Germany. In 1859 at the age of 3, she left Germany in the company of her mother, father, and brother, and came to California by way of the Horn. They docked in San Francisco, and from there her father, who was a stone mason, followed the mining camps of Placerville, Marysville, Georgetown, etc., being employed in the building trade.

Augusta Roeper met her future husband at George's Creek. She married John F. Lubken on June 17, 1875 at her ranch home with Superior Court Judge Hannah performing the ceremony. To this union were born five children, one of whom is Supervisor John H. Lubken of Lone Pine. Of the five children, there were four boys and one girl, all of whom are now living except Charlie who died in 1891 at the age of 13. John H. was the oldest, being born on May 5, 1876; Charlie was born April 28, 1878; Amy was born March 1, 1880; Albert was born Sept. 21, 1883; and Arthur F., the youngest, was born on October 22, 1887. Arthur and John maintain their residences in Inyo County. Albert lives at Simi, and Amy lives in Whittier.

John H. Lubken was born in Lone Pine on May 5, 1876. With the exception of his four months and one week of schooling at San Francisco, he has never lived out of the valley.

He grew up in Lone Pine, attending the local grammar school which was located on the property now occupied by the old Lone Pine theater. He started to school at the age of six and completed his elementary and secondary education at age of 17. The local schools had a fine and varied curriculum, offering rhetoric, reading, arithmetic, word analysis, physiology, etc. It was not uncommon for the more talented students to be able to name all the bones and muscles in the human body. Many of the instructors were well educated, having college degrees; several of the teachers were graduates of English Universities. Among the early teachers was James Reynolds, brother of Nellie E. Reynolds, former custodian of Lone Pine Library.

In 1893 when John was 17, his father died; therefore, being the oldest child, he naturally fell heir to the masculine responsibilities of the household. Being a dependable, thrifty, hardworking boy he assumed his responsibilities well. As the eldest child, he was always kept advised of the family finances. In lieu of modern banking methods, pioneer families buried their savings of gold or silver coin (currency, of course, was uncommon). When his family accumulated several hundred or a thousand dollars, it was buried in a secret place on the family property, only the parents and the eldest child knowing the exact location. This custom protected the family fortune from thieves and marauders; should the parents be killed or murdered, at least one child knew the location of the family funds.

Because of his thriftiness and his abstinence from smoking and drinking, John H. was able to accumulate $200 which he kept cached in his mother's wardrobe; so in 1896 at the age of 20, with his tidy savings he enrolled for a six months training course at Heald's Business College on Post Street in San Francisco. His schooling was to cost approximately $100 which left him the balance of $100 to live on for a six month period. He and several of the other students figured out how to stretch their limited funds. In the San Francisco saloons at that time, a patron could buy a schooner of beer for 5¢ and then eat all he wanted of the accompanying free lunch. That solved their eating problem until the Heald's school authorities became aware of the fact and forbade their students to further participate.

The curriculum at Heald's consisted of both theory and practice. Lubken studied business methods, commercial law, commission work, and banking methods. Because of a quick memory, the course of study was not difficult for him. He completed the six months course in four months and one week, receiving his diploma on July 2, 1896. At that time he was offered a banking job in San Francisco, but he refused it as his desire was to return to Inyo County to enter the cattle business.

Upon completion of his business training, he returned to Lone Pine with cash assets of 10¢. His ambition, which far exceeded his ready cash, was to establish himself in the cattle business. When the father, John F. Lubken, died he left a comfortable estate to the wife alone; so John H. persuaded his mother to finance his cattle venture in exchange for a promise that he would share equally with her any possible profit. The mother agreed, and so at the age of 21, John Lubken had realized his ambition and was running a few hundred head of cattle. At the end of an 11-month period, John sold those cattle, netting a neat profit for both his mother and himself.

Several dry years followed so he did not re-enter the cattle business until the fall of 1898 at which time he ran about 600 head in the Coso Hills east of Rose Spring Valley. Cattle at that time were selling from $8.00 to $11.00 a head. In another of his cattle transactions he purchased 400 head of cattle from John Dias for $4,000. At that time no bill of sale was necessary. Lubken merely

carried his sack of $20 gold pieces to the appointed place, and there he paid Dias in exchange for the latter's branding iron. Any cattle which carried the Dias brand automatically became the property of John H. Lubken. Much later, in 1924 or 1926, Lubken supplemented his herd by purchasing part of Frank J. Runkle's cattle when the latter sold out his interests in Inyo County (See footnote)*

On June 17, 1902, John H. Lubken married Marie Lenore Hallengren, daughter of Henrietta Britenstein Hallengren and Segente Parker Hallengren. The latter was born in Sweden and found his way to California by way of the Horn. He and his family settled near Healdsburg where he engaged in both farming and blacksmith work.

Mrs. John Lubken attended elementary and secondary school in Sonoma County. In 1896 she graduated from San Jose Normal School, after which she came to Lone Pine to teach. She taught two terms and became principal of the Lone Pine Grammar School.

To this union three children were born, two girls and one boy; Bernice Bonham, born July 9, 1903. Her husband now owns a talc mine east of Lone Pine; Henrietta Lubken Crist, born December 31, 1911. She now lives in Los Angeles and works with the Revenue Department; John A. Lubken, born April 25, 1917. He too, is in the cattle business and lives on the ranch adjacent to his father's.

John H. Lubken still lives on his 480-acre ranch (160 acres of which is now deeded to the son, John A. Lubken) which he purchased in 1918. He is still very active in the cattle business, running about 500 head.

He has served his community and his county loyally for many years. He was a member of the Board of Supervisors from 1913 to 1917; was re-elected and has served from 1930 on, 13 years of which he has served as the chairman. His story is an integral part of pioneering in southern Inyo.

*Footnote re: Frank J. Runkle - Frank J. Runkle, father of John H. Runkle of Bishop, was born in Centre Hall, Pennsylvania, September 16, 1872. He came to California in 1892; six years later in 1898 he made his first trip to Bishop to pasture his horses and mules.

In 1912 Frank Runkle started bringing his cattle from Simi, Ventura County, to Inyo County where he secured his first summer range in Long Valley, close to the old Eaton Ranch. Oftentimes he ran his stock with those of the late Harold Eaton.

Other government leases which he maintained for both winter and summer range were at Arkansas Flats between Bishop and Big Pine, and 8,000 acres at Squaw Flats in Saline Valley.

The first cow drives from Simi took about 25 days with six cowboys to take care of the stock and a six-horse team and wagon to haul

the hay and grocery supplies. Later the stock was shipped by rail to Inyo County; each car held about 28 head of cattle and cost approximately $100 a car load. Beef at that time sold for about 3¢ per lb.

Frank J. Runkle and Vivian Bither Runkle celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on November 15, 1946. They have six children, John, living in Bishop, and the other five living in Ventura County. The Runkles live on their home ranch of 6200 acres in Simi, Calif., which was purchased in 1912.

They are frequent visitors to Bishop; each Labor Day they come to renew old friendships and to visit with their son.

THE ALBERT O. COLLINS FAMILY

Albert Oscar Collins did not come to the Valley as early as many of those we have already mentioned. He was thirty-six years old when he arrived; but did his bit in developing some of the country on the east side of the Owens River.

Inasmuch as he was very interested in horses, his family lends enchantment to the development of thoroughbred horses that graced Inyo County before the days of the automobile.

Albert Oscar Collins was born in Walhonding, Coshocton County, Ohio, July 16th, 1836. When he was twenty-four years old, he married Sarah Cochran in Illinois in 1860. The next year he joined the Eighty-fifth Illinois Regiment as a volunteer in the Civil War. He went into service early in 1862, where he served until the close of the war. Albert was with General Sherman on the "March to the Sea" at the time he was injured and allowed a furlough. During his army career he reached the rank of captain.

In 1862 their first child, Charles Albert, was born. In 1864 their second child, William Wallace, was born. After the close of the war he and his family moved to St. John, Missouri. Here he taught school and ran a small farm. In 1866 John Leonadis was born, in 1868 Minnie Ellen, and in 1870 Leora Beatrice were born. Two year later, in 1872, Mr. Collins and his family moved to California and settled at Bakersfield, Kern County. There he owned a large meat market and supplied the Southern Pacific Railroad with meat while they were building the railroad from Tulare to Los Angeles. While there Mr. Collins helped organize the first Masonic Lodge in Kern County at Bakersfield, serving as Worshipful Master for four years.

In 1885 he sold his interests in Kern County and came to Inyo County. It was after arriving here that he and his three sons bought the John and William McGowen ranches. They also bought the Meade ranch, situated near Black Canyon, on the east side of Owens Valley. In addition to this, he and his sons located several hundred acres of Government land and they began to devote their lives to farming and stockraising. They introduced the Clyde, an English thoroughbred stock and the Shire, a heavy stock. One especially famous stallion was "Shakespeare". Berkshire hogs and cattle also adorned their farm.

Albert Collins helped or led a group that organized the First Masonic Lodge in Inyo County at Bishop. The organizing group met on April 9, 1887, with A. O. Collins. The Inyo Register of an early July issue stated the following:

> "F. and A.M. Last Saturday evening, June 30, 1887, Winnedumah Lodge U. D. F. and A.M. was organized here. The following are the officers:
>
> A. O. Collins, W.M.
> J. A. Stoutenborough, S.W.
> W. O. Meroney, J.W.
> H. A. Man, Sec.
> W. H. George, Treas.
> T. F. Connelly, S. D.
> John Clarke, J. D.
> Robert Love, Marshall
> Wm. McDonald and Robert Ford, Stewards
>
> The Lodge has 15 members and their meetings will be Saturday following full moon."

There were several others in the group. C. H. Parsons, P. A. Chalfant, and W. T. Bunney. Albert was always a devoted Mason and later became a thirty-second degree Mason.

When the City of Los Angeles bought property from the people of Inyo County, he sold to them and retired. Thereafter he lived in Bishop, spending much of his time around the Hotel Istalia with his daughter, Leora, until he died in 1920.

It might be well for us to follow the family tree a little way. Charles A. Collins, the oldest son, married Ella Dunlap of Los Angeles in 1887. She died in 1892, leaving three children, Raymond, Lois, and Carol. Carol and Lois have passed away. Charles made his home in Inyo County from 1885 until his death in July 1949. He married Dora Shepherd in 1910. They made their home in or near Bishop. He served Inyo County as sheriff for sixteen years. He also was a thirty-second degree Mason.

The second child, William W. Collins, married Louise Clarke of Bishop in September, 1893. They made their home in Tulare County, where he served Tulare County as sheriff for twelve years. He died in Los Angeles in 1931.

John L. Collins lived in Inyo County from 1885 until 1925, when he moved to Los Angeles. He died January 2, 1939. He was a thirty-second degree Mason.

Minnie Ellen Collins married William Blythe of Tulare. They had two children, William and Lysle Williams. They live in Los Angeles. Minnie died in Los Angeles in May 1948.

Leora married Bertrand Rhine of Independence. They lived in Inyo County until Bertrand Rhine's death in 1923. They owned and ran the Hotel Istalia, which received many of the early travelers of the valley. Five children were born to these two. Their names are: Frieda, Istalia, Bertrand, John and Berta. Frieda and Istalia have passed away. Berta is a doctor in Honolulu.

THE RHINE FAMILY

Nathan Rhine, the father of Bertrand, Leora's husband, was also an interesting person in our history of Inyo County. He came from Germany in the late 1840's. First he settled near San Francisco where Bertrand, their first child, was born on the corner of Cotton and Bush Streets. Later Nathan Rhine went to Inyo County. Leora, who so generously supplied much of the information in this report, says she believes Nathan had a store in Cerro Gordo, afterward going to Independence. His wife joined him and he owned a store in Independence. He and his wife had the only frame structure in Independence at that time. It was one large room. The other houses in Independence were adobe. At the time of the earthquake in the early 1870's, the people who lived in the adobe houses took refuge in the Rhine board house. Nathan Rhine happened to be coming out of the store cellar at the time of the earthquake. The store caved in and he was dug from the debris later.

He owned some property in San Francisco and he, with three brothers, owned a large hotel in Dallas, Texas, as well as other property there. He died in the early 1890's. This family had five children: Bertrand, deceased; Alice, now in San Francisco; Henry, deceased, had three children who are now in San Francisco; Sophia, deceased; and Emily, who lives in Berkeley. She had two boys, one is in Berkeley and the other is a professor of Physics in Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri.

THE GEORGE COLLINS FAMILY

An interesting happenchance occurred in relation to the Collins families. Before Albert Collins arrived in Bishop, there was another Collins, a George Collins who was a cousin of Albert. This fellow in 1869 was bound for San Diego. His travels took him through Bishop. He was served a large delicious "sweet watermelon". It evidently was outstanding, because it tempted him to remain in Bishop. Also, he discovered large sweet blackberries growing wild on an old brick fence. He bought a piece of property north of town which he sold to the Yaney family in 1876. Then he bought some property east of town. When the A. O. Collins family arrived in 1886, they were surprised to discover George already settled. The late Kenneth stated, "It was his father's ditch which was the first taken from the Owens River." Later it was named the "McNally Ditch". At any rate, he bought the "Edison Ditch" and enlarged it. One of the bridges still used to cross the Owens River is named the Collins Bridge. After

1915 the local holdings of George and Marian were sold and they moved to Lida Valley, Nevada, where the son, George Kenneth, (or Jud, as he was known) took over the Vitavich cattle interests. He later married Ruth E. Woods, and had three sons: Ben, Bob, and Tom. Later they returned to Bishop and George Kenneth died in December 1949.

Many little anecdotes can be told of our early pioneers. All people have characteristics which create for them the individual. The thing remembered about A. O. Collins seems to be his love of horses. Also the fact that he enjoyed dressing in his best, taking his horse, and making his daily journey to town, where he gathered the latest news of the day.

Mildred Lymans

Reference to:
Leora Rhine
May Matlick
Inyo Register

THE KISPERT, MEYERS, LACEY & MC GOVERN FAMILIES

FIRST SETTLERS AT GEORGE'S CREEK

John H. Kispert and Hans Meyers came to Owens Valley in 1861, and were the first to settle at George's Creek.

John Kispert was born in Prussia. He came to this country when about nine years old and grew up in the State of Minnesota at a time when that country was mostly forest. In 1859, when a young boy, he joined a Government survey party that came across the plains. Near Pike's Peak the party broke up, and John Kispert and John McBride came on to California, passed through Owens Valley and located near Elizabeth Lake, where they trapped bear in the winter of 1859 and '60. The following year mining activities drew them to Inyo County, Hans Meyers coming with them. John Kispert located four hundred acres of land on George's Creek, and John McBride went on to Adobe Meadows. Hans Meyers went to Keysville, at the lower end of South Fork Valley in Kern County, where he spent the winter of 1861-62, but came back to Inyo County and became a partner of John Kispert on George's Creek when the soldiers came to Fort Independence.

Mr. Kispert claimed all the waters of George's Creek when he located his ranch, and named the stream for a Piute of superior attainments called Indian George, who lived on the creek and had a small ranch. Mr. Kispert bought Indian George's rights, and later shared the water with Fred Alpers and John Stromeyer, who located near him. Mr. Kispert was anxious for closer neighbors, as he was then married, and the Indians were considered dangerous.

Hans Meyers sold his interest in the ranch to Mr. Kispert after a short time, and located some other land. He sent for his three brothers in Germany -- Otto, Pete, and Billy. The Meyers brothers were Danish, having been born in a province then a part of Denmark, later annexed by Germany. Hans was the oldest of the four. Anna Marie Meyers came to this country about 1873 and joined her brothers. The log cabin built by Hans Meyers at George's Creek was standing until about four years ago.

During the Indian wars John Kispert was in several skirmishes, and took part in the battle at Owens Lake on March 19, 1863, when the Indians were driven into the lake. By 1869, when conditions in the valley improved,

John Kispert returned to Minnesota and brought back a sixteen-year-old bride, Augusta Engle. Augusta was born in Bavaria, Germany, had been brought to this country when three years old, and since had lived in Minnesota. John and Augusta came to Reno on the first passenger tra. entering California, then traveled by stage to Carson City, where Mr. Kispert had left his team and light wagon. From there they came slowly over rough roads that were little more than trails. One of the first overnight stops was at Adobe Meadows, then with the Clausons at Benton, then the Thompson ranch at Bishop and the Henderson ranch at Big Pine. The homesick bride always remembered how she looked for something like her beloved Minnesota prairies, but found nothing except rocks and sage brush. She was never able to return to her childhood home until her children were grown, and never again saw her mother.

The devastating earthquake of 1872 came three years after the Kisperts were married, and Mrs. Kispert helped care for the injured and dying. The Kispert home, even its adobe brick inner walls, was not hurt by the quake.

Seven children were born in this family: Ann, Sarah, John, Ida, Charles, Oscar and Augusta. Mrs. Ann McGovern, the oldest, remembers their home ranch being surrounded by Indian homes. When an Indian died his possessions were put in his wickieup and all burned, then the family moved. As the years passed the Indians drifted to other places.

In those early days the Indians liked to come into the settlers' houses and squat around the fire like large, troublesome house cats, but if not closely watched the dusky guests would snatch food at every opportunity, crowding it into their mouths with dirty hands.

All the Kispert children grew up on the ranch at George's Creek and attended the little school near there, a school whose first pupils were mostly Kisperts and Shepherds. Mr. Kispert was a trustee of this school from the time it was started until his death in 1901. Mrs. Kispert lived to within four days of her 80th birthday, passing away on December 6, 1931, at Bishop.

Of the Kispert family, many are still living in Owens Valley. Ann married Augustus McGovern and is now living in Bishop. Sarah married Joseph Blaney, the first white child born in Owens Valley and son of the first hotel owner in Independence. This first hotel was known as the Blaney House, now the Norman House and owned by the Mairs family. Mrs. Blaney now lives in San Diego.

John H. Kispert died in Fallon, Nevada, a few years ago, leaving two sons.

Ida Kispert married Alfred Shelly and lives in Bishop. She has seven children: Joseph, the oldest, graduated with honors from the University at Berkeley and has been with the General Electric Corporation ever since receiving his degree as an engineer. He is married, has two children, and is now living at Fort Wayne, Indiana. Alfred, Carrie and William are all living in their own homes in Bishop. June is married and lives in San Bernardino. Before her

marriage she was a successful musician, and when only fourteen years old played at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles, demonstrating the Buscher saxophone. She also played over radio station KFWB for two seasons. Clara married Robert Calhoun and lives in Lee Vining. Tom, the youngest, was in his country's service for four years as a meteorologist, receiving his training at California Institute of Technology at Pasadena. He received a degree as a chemical engineer from the University at Berkeley after leaving the service, and is now married and living in Sacramento.

Charles Kispert lives in Independence, and has two sons: Allen, who lives in Northern California, and Charles, who works for the Division of Highways at McGee Creek, Mono County.

Oscar and Augusta both died in early youth.

Anna Marie Meyers and John William Lacey were married on June 6, 1896. Mr. Lacey was born in Batesville, Arkansas, in 1851. He worked for a time in mines in Nevada, then came to George's Creek in the year 1884. The Lacey's first home after their marriage was near Owens River by the Alabama Hills, but in a few months they bought a ranch at Fort Independence from Henry Firman. Their oldest child, Mark Lacey, now of Olancha, was born on this ranch in 1888. They had three other children, Beulah Lacey Hazard, now of Long Beach, Tom Lacey of Olancha and Gladys Lacey Keithley, whose husband is a Los Angeles attorney. Mr. Lacey and Hans Meyers were partners in the cattle business at George's Creek for many years.

When the City of Los Angeles bought the ranches at George's Creek, Mr. & Mrs. Lacey sold their home and moved to Los Angeles, but always kept an active interest in Owens Valley and spent much time with their son Mark at Olancha. Mrs. Lacey died at Long Beach in 1934, and Mr. Lacey passed away at Olancha in 1942, at the age of 91 years.

The four Meyers brothers were quiet, retiring men, none of whom ever married. Hans Meyers came to George's Creek first, and after becoming established he sent for his brothers in Germany. Later they were joined by their sister, Anna Marie Meyers, who became Mrs. Lacey. Billy Meyers was killed in 1892, when thirty-seven years old, by being thrown from a horse. Pete Meyers lived at George's Creek until 1922, then moved to Lone Pine, where he died in 1935. Hans Meyers died at George's Creek about 1904. Otto Meyers moved to Montana and lived there until his death.

Augustus McGovern was born in Antioch, Illinois, in 1851. He left home when sixteen or seventeen and came to Salt Lake City. He was there for several years before coming to Owens Valley. After coming here he worked at mining and carried on a freighting business, driving teams from Los Angeles to Bishop, hauling in groceries and supplies and hauling out ore. The Kispert ranch at George's Creek was one of the regular overnight stops for the teamsters, and it was there that he met his future wife. He and Ann Kispert were married in 1889. For a short time after their marriage they lived at Darwin,

Cerro Gordo and other mining camps, but Mrs. McGovern found it hard to live at the camps with her growing family, and they settled on a ranch at George's Creek, next to the Kispert ranch, and engaged in the cattle business. McGovern owned one of the first threshing machines in the valley, and operated it for many years. The News Letter of July 21, 1881, published by W. A. Chalfant and N. E. Conklin of Independence, contained the following item:

> "Messrs. Gus McGovern and D. Hession's threshing machine begins work at Mr. Robinson's place below town today. They have as good a machine as there is in the country, and are noted for their quick and clean way of doing their work."

There were nine children born to the McGovern family, Viola McGovern Dearborn, now living with her mother in Bishop and teaching in the Round Valley School; Angie McGovern Brierly, who lives in Los Angeles, mother of Hugh E. Brierly, attorney of Bishop; Nellie McGovern Young of Bishop who has one child, Barbara Van Dusen of Los Angeles; Gussie McGovern Wood of Bishop, who has three children, George, Maybelle and Virginia, all grown and married; Genevieve McGovern McEwan, of Los Angeles; Frankie McGovern Graham, of Bellflower, Ernest McGovern of Santa Monica, Lou McGovern Talley, of Riverside, and Roscoe McGovern of Victorville.

It is difficult to find anyone now living with personal memories of our pioneers, but Les Horton of Bishop remembers playing with Tom Hutchison, one-time sheriff of Inyo County, at the Hutchison home in West Bishop, near the old West Bishop school house and where the Turner house now stands. One of the boys threw a stone, causing a cow Mr. McGovern was milking to kick. Mr. McGovern called angrily at the boys to stop throwing stones, and Tom in a spirit of boyish defiance threw another stone, which hit Mr. McGovern in the eye. Tom ran into the house, crying frantically to his mother to whip him, he had just put out Gus McGovern's eye; but Mr. McGovern, not seriously injured, was right behind him, saying "Don't whip him! It was my fault." A charming glimpse of a kindly man.

Mary Tinder

JOHN KISPERT - AUGUSTA ENGLE

ANN KISPERT
Augustus McGovern (VIOLA
Frank Dearborn

(ANGIE
Arlie Brierly (Hugh
Patricia Lowe (Judith
(James

(NELLIE
Wm. J. Young (Barbara
John VanDusen (John

(GUSSIE
George Wood (Maybelle
(George
(Virginia

(GENEVIEVE
Albert McEwan (Ronald
(Albert

(FRANKIE
Harvey Graham (Larry
(Diane

(LOU
Jack Talley (Carole Ann

(ERNEST
Margery

(ROSCOE
Violet

SARAH KISPERT
Joseph Blaney (Oscar, John, Isabel, Marguerite, Lottie, Ben

AUGUSTA KISPERT — Died leaving no children.

OSCAR KISPERT — Died leaving no children.

CHARLES KISPERT
Nellie Shelly (CHARLES
Gladys Dieterich
(ALLEN

IDA KISPERT
Alfred Shelly (JOSEPH
Dorothy Hormel (Jean Ann
(Allen, Donald

(ALFRED
Esther Olds (Joyce
(William

(CARRIE
Duane

(WILLIAM
Etta Ashby (Robert, William
(Judith

(JUNE - Earl Mayer

(CLARA-Robert Calhoun(Elizabeth, Roberta)
(TOM - Laurel Walker

JOHN KISPERT
Clara Gregg (HAROLD, STEPHEN

THE CHAMBERLAIN FAMILY

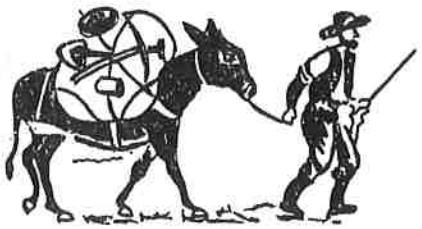
James B. Chamberlain was born in Bangor, Maine, in 1832. At the age of twenty-one he left his home and sailed around the Horn to San Francisco, a journey which took him 21 days. Finding no work in San Francisco, he went to Belville, near Mina, Nevada, and purchased an ox team. He carried freight around Belville and Aurora for some time, making his first trip to Owens Valley in 1864. In 1869 he returned and acquired eighty acres north of the present town of Bishop. The next year, 1870, on October 23, he married Sarah Adelaide Powers, daughter of Cyrus and Elizabeth Powers, who had come west from Iowa a few years before, and had settled in Owens Valley. From this union there were nine children.

James farmed his eighty acres and rented additional land from the neighbors to increase his production. He raised horses and ran a dairy of 40 cows, which meant a lot of work, not only in the milking, but for the women folks in taking care of the milk and making butter which was shipped to Belville twice a week.

Barley, corn and wheat were the crops, and the Indians were pressed in service whenever possible. The mahalas would husk corn for 50¢ a day. The small grain was cut with a reaper which left the grain in windrows. It was picked up with a wooden barley fork and thrown into a wagon with high sideboards. The farmers used a hand scythe along the ditches and fences to get the grain not reached by the reaper. After cleaning up the fields, they allowed the Indians to go in and glean what was left. James had trouble with an Indian who had been stealing corn, and who persisted in spite of warnings and threats of shooting. One bright moonlight night the Indian came again. James waited until he was retreating and fired a load of buckshot at his rear. Then he went to the Indian camp, got the Indian, took him to the doctor and helped pick out the shot, gave him another pair of pants and took him home. That ended the stealing.

In the early days the farmers could trade the Indians a 50-lb. sack of flour for 50 lbs. of clean pinenuts or dried elderberries.

There was a mill where power plant No. 6 now stands, run by Dugan and Blair, and there the Chamberlains had their year's supply of flour ground. The flour sacks were used then as now for useful articles, and Dora remembers the lovely panties her mother made, after she had bleached the sacks clean and white. One day at a big baseball game, a girl stooped over to pick up the ball,



and there across her seat was blazoned "Dugan and Blair". Arch Chamberlain teased that girl for years!

Each fall the men exchanged work at hog-killing time, Each family killed as many hogs as they would need for the year's food supply, and then there was a busy time smoking hams and bacon, frying out lard, and making sausage and taking care of all the meat. Turkey killing was another cooperative project, and the women joined the groups to help pick turkeys and enjoy the fine dinners and get a good visit with their neighbors.

Wood was brought down from the White Mountains, mostly from Silver Canyon, as a toll was charged on Westgard, which was called the Deep Springs Valley Toll Road. Four-horse or six-horse teams were used, and three or four farmers went together to help each other load. Since the trip took three or four days, they took hay and water for the horses, part of which they would leave along the side of the road for the return trip. The road was so steep they used a drag log to help hold back the wagons.

While the men were away hauling wood, the women folks milked the cows and did all the chores. There was always the regular work of the farm to be done--canning fruit and tomatoes, drying corn, apples, peaches and prunes, making pickles, preserves, jams, jellies and mince-meat. Many of their groceries came from Weinstock-Lubin in Sacramento. Trout were plentiful in the river, and many were salted down for winter eating. It was necessary for the Chamberlains to have lots of food always on hand as the family was large, and there were many relatives and friends always dropping in.

The children walked a mile and a half to school, and had to furnish their own books and supplies. Money was scarce, and the children had to do without many things. One year three of the Chamberlain children, Dora, Cassie and Ed, had one arithmetic, one geography, and one reader between them. They always had chores to do before and after school, and sometimes it was dark before they finished. The mother helped the girls with their lessons and Ed used the books after they had gone to bed. The girls had pretty calico and gingham dresses, but were distressed over the heavy boy's shoes they had to wear, and looked forward to the time when they could have girl's shoes.

The Chamberlain house at first consisted of two rooms and was built one-half mile north of the present location, on the north branch of Bishop Creek, and three of the children were born there. When the county began building roads on the section lines, the house was moved to the county road, and the present house was built by Charles Wonacott, father of Bob. All nine children were born on that ranch, and it has been occupied by some member of the family ever since, except for two years, after James' death, when it was rented to Thomas Marquam. It was then sold to John and Cassie Henderson, who sold it to the City of Los Angeles, then rented the house and a small part of the land, and still live there.

It was in the kitchen of that house that the young Chamberlains and their friends enjoyed their taffy-pulling and corn-popping parties, and learned to dance. John Henderson and Jennie Cruse taught them most of the round dances. For years their music was from the harmonica, and when there was no one to play, Jennie would sing, or John would whistle. Later they acquired an organ.

Several of the Chamberlains and many of their friends were members of the Fraternal Brotherhood Lodge for years. There were Ed and May, Bert and Charley Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. George Kinney and Spray, Les and Florence Horton, Will and Loetta Calloway, Allie McNally and Nellie Rupp, Sabert Leidy and Dorrance Leidy Keough, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Yandell and daughters, Yandell Rowan, Dr. and Mrs. Stofflet, Belle McCrosky, Ellen Summers, Jennie Cruse Hutchison, John and Dora Coats. The Lodge had two meetings a month, one for business, and it was at the social meetings that the old square dances were revived. When the Lodge disbanded the Old-Time Dance Club was formed with Les and Florence Horton as chairmen, and they are still managing the Club.

One social affair that everyone looked forward to was the Thanksgiving masquerade given by the Knights of Pythias. They worked hard to make outstanding costumes, both beautiful and ludicrous. Maude Truscott always had a beautiful costume and was quite the belle of the ball. She and Robert O'Neal usually led the grand march which always started the dance.

The nine children in the Chamberlain family were:

Clare, born in 1871, who married Clarence Brown, and had ten children. Barbara Brown Mandich is a granddaughter.

Lodicie, who died in childhood.

Edward, who married Elma Brown, sister of Clarence, and later married May Tibbits Hilton; there were no children. Edward died in 1949.

Archie, married Nevada Desmond, had six children.

Dora, married Ray Yaney, had one child, Elma Crosby; later married John Coats.

Cassie, married John Henderson; no children.

Laura, married Eugene Gunghia, had two children; later married Garfield Goodale.

Bert, married Lottie Griggs, had four sons. He died in 1933.

Charles C., married Margie MacRostie; there were no children.

James Chamberlain died in 1899 at the age of 67 by his own hand after suffering untold agony from a disorder of the kidneys and related organs for about ten years. He worked in spite of great pain

with a determination to leave his family in comfort. Sarah Chamberlain passed away in 1923 at the age of 70 years. Six of the children are living--Dora Coats and Cassie Henderson in Bishop, Laura Goodale in Independence, Clare Brown in northern California near Ft. Bragg, Archie in Arizona, and Charley in Norwalk. Elma Crosby is the only grandchild in Bishop, and Lee Crosby the only great-grandchild. Mr. and Mrs. James Chamberlain were hard-working, industrious citizens, loving parents, members of that band of pioneers who bore the privations, struggles and hardships of an almost unsettled section.

THE POWERS FAMILY

The Powers Family came to Owens Valley in the 1860's and resided here until after they sold out to the City of Los Angeles in 1931.

John Powers was born in 1784 somewhere in eastern United States, and in 1805 was married to Martha Powers. To them were born four children, one of whom was Cyrus H. Powers, born March 13, 1815, probably in Indiana. On August 22, 1839, he married Caroline E. Polsley. At one time he had a sawmill on Tarkio Creek, Lincoln Township, Page County, Iowa, but not much of their early history is known. Nine children were born to them before they came west. They crossed the plains from Iowa in a covered wagon in 1861, and Edward West Powers, who was thirteen years old, and some of his older brothers, rode horseback all the way to herd the loose livestock. The family settled in Genoa, Nevada, where the tenth child was born, and spent about eight years there. The oldest son, Jacob J., was a teamster, and he and his father Cyrus freighted from Genoa to Bishop. They liked the country in Inyo County so much that Jacob acquired some land, either by purchase or by establishing a claim, and persuaded the family to move there. They first lived in a sod house until Jacob built the frame house southwest of Bishop where Mrs. Laura Frager lived for so many years. Jacob's brothers and brothers-in-law acquired ranches in the same region.

Edward West Powers, the fifth child of Cyrus and Elizabeth, was born in 1848. On December 15, 1875 he was married to Annie E. Arrison, daughter of Jephtha and Josephine Arrison, who also crossed the plains in 1861 when Annie was eight years old, but in a different emigrant train which went to Washington territory. They lived there for twelve years and migrated to California. They were headed for Los Angeles, but for some reason the family stayed in Bishop while Jephtha continued on the journey. He died a short time later before returning so his wife and two daughters remained in Bishop. Annie's sister Virginia married Charles Elmer Powers, Edward's youngest brother, so there was a double relationship.

Edward Powers for a time had a partner by the name of Garretson and they owned the ranch north of Bishop known later as the Tom Williams place. Edward then lived on the McGee place in Pleasant Valley which was later called the Abelour Ranch and is now leased by the Inyo Lumber Company for their sawmill. He had lived there for only about a year when he and Charles and their wives made a trip by covered

wagon back to Kansas, having heard wonderful tales of that state. When they arrived, the country was very beautiful, with plenty of rainfall to make the grass grow and keep everything green, but after a year a drought came and the plains were a dreary waste of dead gra and the Powers hurried back to the West as fast as they could.

For some years after that Edward operated his father's farm until in 1886 he took up a desert claim, 640 acres of sagebrush land, about half a mile west of Red Hill, adjoining the McGee ranch. It was on this ranch that he lived until his death and which he and his wife made a little Garden of Eden. By the hardest kind of work with horses and scrapers he made a ditch through the rocky soil from Bishop Creek to bring irrigation water. He helped to build the Owens River Canal in which he had a share of water. This could not be put on the Red Hill ranch since it was below, so it had to be exchanged for Bishop Creek water. It took years of grinding hard work to build this canal as well as a great deal of money, and money was not plentiful in those days. So it is not strange that there were many heartaches when the canals were abandoned.

Edward raised a great many horses, and every fall there would be a round-up of the young ones and a time of breaking broncos while the children sat on the fence and watched. He and his brother Will owned one of the first threshing machines in the vicinity of Bishop, and with their sons and nephews made up a crew and moved around the valley from ranch to ranch threshing out the grain. For many years this machine was run by horse-power, but later they brought the first steam engine into the valley. This was quite a novelty and a step toward the mechanical age, although it was a stationary engine and had to be pulled from place to place by horses. A good many years later the first tractor steam engine was brought in by Rudolph Schober, who had married a cousin, Elizabeth Harger. Edward also owned and operated the first and only corn sheller and chopper, which he and his sons made. Each fall after the small grain was threshed they went out for weeks shelling and chopping corn for the other farmers.

One of the stories that Edward told his children was about the big earthquake in 1872. He was sleeping in a small adobe building when the first shock occurred. He woke with a start and looked up just in time to see the opposite wall parting from the roof and falling outward. He jumped with the wall and the next instant the other wall had flattened his bed with the heavy sod roof. He just missed being killed by a fraction of a second. The quakes continued for a number of days and since there were no trees in the valley the ground could be seen rising and falling like waves of the sea. Many of the families in the valley gathered at Grandfather Powers' place and camped there many days for no reason except that fear made them want to be near to one another and since that was a freighting center there was always much activity.

Another Powers story was about William and the flag. William, aided by the young lady who later became his wife, and by A. A. Cashbaugh and John Clarke, made the first United States flag flown by civilians

in this part of the valley. Red and blue flannel blankets and white flour sacks were used for its material. Flying it from a willow staff, the young men visited all the scattered dwellings on the Fourth of July 1867, making their journey in a vehicle drawn by an ox and a mule. This was probably the first recognition of the national holiday in northern Inyo.

Freighting seems to have been one of the major activities of the Powers family. In the early days of the Tonopah and Goldfield boom two of the brothers, Stanton and Charles, made many trips across the Nevada desert hauling produce from Owens Valley to the mines, and a few years later freighted to Beatty, Bullfrog and others. This gave the farmers a market for their produce. In 1904 Edward and his son Arthur went to Beatty and spent about five years there operating a livery stable and feed business, but after the boom died they returned to Bishop and he spent the rest of his life there. He died on September 4, 1925, at the age of 76 years. His obituary in the Inyo Register stated, "His personal character and standing in the community has always been of the highest, and his memory shall live with those who knew him as that of one who, amid the roughest of pioneer conditions was the same upright, straightforward citizen that he was in his declining years." In 1931 his wife Annie sold the home to the City of Los Angeles and went to Murphy, Oregon, to make her home, and there she died on March 18, 1937, at the age of 83.

Cyrus and Caroline Elizabeth (Aunt Betsy) Powers' children were:

Margaret E., who died in infancy.

Mary H., who married J. D. Harger and had four children, one of whom was Elizabeth Mary who married Rudolph Schober and had 7 children.

Jacob J., who never married.

William H., who married Alzina Burdick and had seven children.

Edward West, who married Annie Arrison and had six children.

Martha Almeda, who married Franklyn S. Gunter and had four children, one of whom was Evelyn Laura Neill.

Sarah Adelaid, who married James B. Chamberlain and had nine children, among them Dora Coats and Cassie Henderson.

Stanton Rudolph, who married Carrie Brown and had seven children.

Laura Elizabeth, who married Jacob Frager; they had no children.

Charles Elmer, who married Virginia Arrison in 1893 and after her death married Carrie Powers, in 1934. There were no children.

The children of Elizabeth Mary and Rudolph Schober were known to many of us; when the writer came here the four younger ones were all in high school-- Arthur, Harold, Mildred and Laura, one in each grade.

Hazel, the oldest daughter is married to L. L. Tatum and lives in Bishop; she has one son. Arthur married a girl from Texas, has one son and lives on the old Roberts ranch northwest of Bishop; Mildred is married to Fred Merrill, has three children and recently left Bishop to move to Ridgecrest. Walter died some years ago, and the other three children live elsewhere.

Evelyn Gunter Neill was married in 1902 and had four children. The two sons left Bishop some years ago, but the two daughters -- Frances Fay Olds, who has two living children, and Evelyn Bandhauer who has one son, still live in Bishop. Mrs. Neill was for many years prominent in civic and club life until she moved from Bishop a few years ago.

Laura Frager, who had no children, was known as "Aunt Laura" to many relatives and near-relatives. She was one of the first and few who had a "green room" in her home, and the children always loved to visit her and see her beautiful flowers and plants.

Of the children of Edward West Powers, the two older sons and one daughter, Josephine, never married. Josephine was custodian of the Bishop library in 1931, but the next year moved to Oregon and still lives there. Eleanor was married to James Sudsbury, and she and her daughter Victoria, with the two older sons, went to Murphy, Oregon, with their mother to make the new home. Hazel was married to Glenburn H. Crow who was a Forest Ranger at Bishop at that time, and they lived at a station in Longley Meadows where they planted trees and made a pleasant place of it. She says, with a trace of nostalgia, that there is nothing left of that station now. They live at Crow's Landing, California; have four children, all of whom are married, one daughter, Mrs. Claude J. Veatch, living near Bishop.

The Powers were among the pioneers who changed the Owens River Valley from a desert into a veritable garden of Eden. With the cooperation of other settlers, they planted maples and other trees grown in the east where before only sagebrush grew. To complete the transformation, a splendid agricultural community was established, and churches, good schools and homes were built. The spirit of peace and contentment abode in the valley, and here children grew to maturity and built homes of their own.

Beha Van Loan

THE GREGORY FAMILY

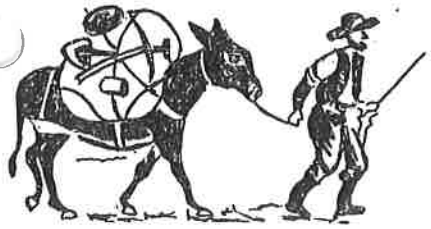
Nathan Hall Gregory was born in Currituck County, North Carolina, November 19, 1841, and when he was about ten years old his people moved to Missouri. At the age of 16 he carried mail from St. Joseph to a town some 25 miles west. Armed with his pistols and bowie knife he weighed only 95 pounds.

In 1857 he drove a Government supply wagon to Salt Lake City, Utah, when the soldiers were sent in after the Mountain Meadow massacre. From there, a party of eight decided to go to California. His brother S. W. Gregory and Dan Wheeler of Reno were two members of this party. After reaching California, he engaged in teaming and stock raising. He hauled the first load of freight into Reno - he was also one of the Pony Express riders when the big mining boom started on the Comstock. This Pony Express was only maintained a short time as it was too hazardous across the mountains by trail where the Sonora road is now located. He was also one of the three leasors of the Riverside Hotel in Reno, then known as the Lake House.

Nathan H. Gregory was married February 8, 1876 to Catherine Cook Wilson who was born May 14, 1854 at Cedar City, Utah, of Scotch parents, when enroute for the West. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Cook arrived in the west by wagon train and built one of the first houses in Carson City - date unknown - and it was here that Catherine's girlhood days were spent.

Six children survived the union of Nathan and Catherine - Mildred who later became Superintendent of Schools of Mono County, Idelle and Christine who married the Sherwin brothers, Letty, Catherine and Spence.

At the time Dell was born the family lived in Carson City and her father was a guard at the State Prison. He quit that job when all the reports were coming in of the big money to be made in the mining towns of Aurora and Bodie. In 1878 they moved first to Aurora and then on to Bodie where Mr. Gregory bought land known as the Bodie Ranch, situated in the canyon 5 miles from Bodie and 7 miles from Aurora which was already homesteaded; he then took up more land adjacent, built a house and large barn and started keeping a station for the teamsters who were hauling freight into Bodie. There were ox teams hauling ore into Bodie to be worked in the mills from a claim on Table Mt. and teams of horses or mules



hauling hay and grain from ranches in Nevada. They kept a Chinese cook who ruled supreme in the kitchen.

One incident in Dell's childhood that left a lasting impression on he was their experience with horse thieves who started operating by swooping down out of the hills at sundown just after a team of 10 or 12 span of horses was fed and stabled, driving them off into the hills into some hidden meadow and then after resting a time, driving them to a distant market and selling them.

A day or so after one of these raids her father rode into the hills and discovered quite a large bunch of these horses and brought them home to their owners. The horse thieves swore they would "get him" so for several evenings Dell and her older sister were posted on a little hill where they had a view of the different trails leading out of the hills while their father was busy milking the cows with his rifle lying on the ground beside him. The gang of horse thieves was arrested soon after that so that episode was over.

Mrs. Gregory was a crack marksman with the revolver and the children well remember the men admiringly watching her pick off a chicken hawk on the wood pile quite a little distance from the house. A loaded revolver always hung on the bedpost of the parents' bed and the children never dreamed of touching it.

When Dell was 13 she had her first close experience with death when the eldest of her two little brothers died very suddenly at the age of 3½ from what was then called "summer complaint". In those days a death in the family was not a private affair. The neighbors all came some to be of real help and some out of curiosity. They "sat up" with the body until it was removed for burial. Dell still remembers her mother, with the tears streaming down her face, making the little velvet suit the baby was buried in, and then the mother and daughter bathed and dressed the little body. Dell never forgot the horror of the cold touch of his dead flesh and dreamed night after night of turning cold like that.

Children in those days were not protected from all disagreeable experiences as they are now, but they shared with the family everything that happened. Dell learned to worry at a very early age for they were under the constant fear of a mortgage being foreclosed. She could have had a much happier childhood had she realized that the people holding the mortgage were not at all anxious to foreclose as they were getting 8% interest which was always met promptly, no matter how much the family did without, and the place was well worth the investment.

Early in the lives of the children was a definite distaste for the long, monotonous winters with little but study. They had the school books and they had to learn what was in them so they could pass the examinations and be promoted at the end of the school year. Their father was an unrelenting disciplinarian who would not accept excuses or alibis and the children dared not fail. The eldest daughter

loved learning for learning's sake but the second daughter, Dell, was rebelious and wanted some pleasure and excitement out of life. They would be snowbound and alone most of the time and could only attend school for about one month in the spring when the road would be open and about three months in the fall before the snow came and closed ordinary traffic.

In the summer it was different for this second daughter Dell who had to take the part of a boy and go with the father to round up the cattle from the winter range and bring them home to the mountains. This usually took three or four days of hard riding and they would meet many other cowboys riding the range, and in the evening around the campfires listen to their mournful songs. After they reached home came the time of separating the cows and calves, and breaking in the new milk cows. The summer Dell was 16 she milked 15 cows night and morning and spent many days riding after stock.

That was also an important time for her as she went to Hawthorne, a town 50 miles away, for a week and passed a Teachers examination in Nevada, receiving a Primary Certificate. The 3rd of January, a week after her 17th birthday, she took her first school in a ranching community, Sweetwater, about 20 miles from home. Her only knowledge of the world was derived from reading such authors as Jane Austin, Louisa M. Alcott, Dickens, Tennyson and other poets.

She had 21 pupils, ranging from three beginners to a girl of 19 who wanted to take some 9th grade work. Dell walked a quarter mile to school, made the fire, swept out and filled the water buckets before the pupils arrived. She received the sum of $55 a month and paid $15 for board in a dilapidated two-story farm house in which all the windows in the second story were broken except the one room she occupied. Two rooms on the lower floor were occupied by the family which consisted of the father, a handy man who did all kinds of chores for the ranchers around, the mother and five children. One of these rooms served as kitchen and dining room, the other as living room and family bedroom. It contained a large fireplace and two double beds. At night the family would retire whenever they felt like it - all they did was remove their shoes and crawl in. All callers were entertained in this room without any embarrassment whatever.

Dell's room upstairs was very different - spotlessly clean with new bedding and a small fireplace.

After 2½ years of teaching here Dell saved enough money to go to Normal School for a term, then secured a First Grade Certificate and began teaching in California at Fort Independence. She and her sister Christine then bought the newspaper in Bodie with their savings and a little borrowed money.

The girls enjoyed this experience with the newspaper though it was an old fashioned hand press and all the type had to be set up by hand. Christine knew the business end pretty well for she had been working for the former owner, Jim Townsend, for some little time and they hired a man to run the press the day the paper came out.

Dell had to learn typesetting as fast as she could for it took both of them and in the evenings they had to scan as many of their "exchanges" as they could. It was such interesting and exciting work for they were invited everywhere so it would be written up in the paper.

They ran the newspaper for about a year when romance stepped in and first Christine and then Dell were married to Sherwin brothers. To the union of Christine and Birkett were born three boys and one girl: Marvin, lawyer and present Assemblyman from Oakland; Vernon, Chiropractor of Pasadena; Bernice Sherwin Braucht of Merced; and Stanley in personnel work with Lockheed. To Idelle and Jim were born three daughters and one son: Guinevere Sherwin Thompson of Mountain View; Dorothy Sherwin Vellom of Bishop; Carol Sherwin Faure of El Centro; and Raymond James, Justice of the Peace of Vallejo.

SHERWINS - PIONEERS

James L. C. Sherwin was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on September 10, 1825 of Scotch-English parents. In 1849, just one hundred years ago, young Jim Sherwin was studying medicine. It took a long time in those days for the news of "Gold in California" to reach his Ohio home, but when it did, all thought of being a doctor was postponed.

Jim made ready to come west; he was twenty-four and the blue eyed Nancy Colvin sixteen when they said goodbye. They must have felt that the parting would be for years, and they knew that the days would become months and the months become years before many letters could be received and answered.

He decided not to take the direct route to California, hoping to shorten the time by going down the Mississippi River and across the Gulf of Mexico by boat. He crossed the Isthmus of Panama on foot, the speediest method of travel there. Again he took a boat and reached San Francisco, December 7th, 1848. There he worked at the coopers trade, making $16 per day constructing kegs of proper size for shipping supplies to the gold mines of the Mother Lode.

Then it was "off to the gold fields" -- Jim spent eight eager years in those first days of the new state. He mined around Sacramento, Marysville, along the Feather River and near Fort Sutter, earning the name of "Lucky Jim" and was followed by others wherever he went prospecting. Often he was very successful, often the gold seemed to elude him. During those eight years he took time from mining to spend four years in the California Legislature but found he was not a politician.

The eager, fearless young man enjoyed to the full those days of adventure, work and danger. He was cheered from time to time with letters from the far off home. Most prized were the letters from Nancy Colvin who was then teaching in Kentucky. At that time teachers received the enormous salary of $15 a month and "boarded round". Often the earnest young girl was lonely - but she was thinking of the

good that she could accomplish. Then too, there were the letters from Jim to cheer her, letters she cherished as long as she lived. It was through these letters that the two became engaged, so naturally they were "treasure trove" to Nancy in more ways than because of the stories of California gold.

Early in 1858 Jim made plans to return home, as the blue-eyed Nancy, too, was to come west. Again it was a long and tiresome trip as he traveled by boat, this time by Cape Horn which made it a longer journey. He landed at New York and traveled overland to Ohio and Kentucky.

On December 15, 1858, James L. C. Sherwin and Nancy E. Colvin, also of Scotch-English parentage, were married at her father's home in Kentucky. (He was always James to Nancy but to all others Jim). From the wedding day until the following March they and others were making ready as this time the trip was to be by "over land trail". No family attempted to make that trip alone as the Indians were often hostile. So the party prepared the covered wagons, furnishing them with all they must have for the new homes in the west. Jim's sister, her husband Dr. Car and their little girl were to be in the party.

On March 10, 1859, Jim and Nancy Sherwin turned their faces toward California. Jim would need all his courage, Nancy all her faith in the days to come. Few of the party that left that day would return home, but all those hearts were full of hope. Those who have followed the stories of the Covered Wagons know of the hardships and dangers of the trail. Jim had a span of beautiful Kentucky horses as did others in that train. Many rode horses, some drove oxen and they were leading their cattle. Very few horses made the trip as most of them were killed by poison weeds and poison water. At night the party would camp, placing their covered wagons in a circle, build their fires within the circle, and the men took turns being on guard.

One day the party had camped on the Missouri River. The men had hunted game and the women had cooked and done the washing for they would not be stopping again very soon. Toward evening all were back in camp, planning an early start next morning. Nancy Sherwin was wearing a dress of red print. Some Indians came to the camp and all tried to be very friendly to them though watching anxiously. It was then that Jim Sherwin taught his Nancy to use a gun, and the women were warned that if the men were killed they must never be taken as prisoners, they were to take their own lives rather than face that life of torture. Nancy never again cared to wear a red dress.

From the Missouri River the Indians were very hostile. Some of the Covered Wagon party did turn back; a few took another trail and went on to Oregon, but the main part of the train came west and reached Virginia City, Nevada, six months after they left Kentucky. Jim went into the lumber and wood business supplying Virginia City and the Comstock mines. Here Nancy awaited the coming of her babe, the babe who was never to live. Dr. Car was anxious about the young mother and told Jim that he believed she would gain faster if they could find a baby she could love. They met an Indian who said he would let them have his baby, grunted something about the little one having no mother.

Nancy had the little one for three months. One can imagine how very dear the baby came to be; a baby always wins his place in our hearts. One day Nancy was alone with the little one at their home near Virginia City when she saw a band of Indians coming over a hill and soon they were all around her. They wanted the baby, in fact the baby's mother was one of the group. They told how the baby had been stolen by the Indian who had left it with Jim and Dr. Car. Of course Nancy returned the little one, and also all the little clothes she had made, so the Indian mother was very happy. Nancy even forgot her own loneliness in seeing the joy of the other mother.

For a time Jim and Nancy lived in Opher City, Nevada, while he worked in the mines there. Two little girls were born at Opher City; first May, she of the eager eyes, who was to take of the bitter and sweet of life and mingle them into a life that was true and fine; then Nannie, who wore her mother's name and would live to be called blessed by her family of eager children and children's children even unto the fourth generation.

The little girls were still quite small when the Sherwins moved to Benton, California, where Jim was in the mines for a time. From Benton they came to Round Valley, Inyo County, in the fall of 1866. Jim first came alone, traveling by foot and pack mule; he took that animal through the Rock Creek Gorge, the only one ever to get through; he surprised the Indian Chief by walking into his camp from the rear. (The Chief's camp was about where Crosby's is now). He made friends with Jimmy the Chief, a half-breed Cherokee Indian; his lack of fear gave the Indians confidence so henceforth they came to him with their troubles.

He located a homestead in Round Valley, now the Jess Chance place, and moved his family consisting of his wife and two children, and began farming. In the little valley they found just three families - the Olds, John Jones, and Horton. Here baby Kathie was born in February 1867, the first white child born in Round Valley; the child who as girl and woman was to sing her way through cloudy days and fair.

The winters were too cold for mining so the Sherwins usually spent that part of the year in the valley but with the spring Jim was back at the call of the mines. He had built his home beside Rock Creek; one morning he had crossed the stream on a little foot bridge and did not see that May, then about four years of age, was following him, as was also his dog. The dog bounded past, knocking the little girl into the stream. The water was so cold and swift the child could not help herself. Jim did not see what had happened, but Nancy did - she could not reach the child so jumped into the water, clutched the little dress and soon had the tot in her arms. The swift current carried them to where a tree hung over a bend in the bank. Nancy managed to clutch a branch but could not get out of the swift water. Then a dusky face leaned over the bank and an Indian peered down at her. Nancy called for help -- the Indian waited, asking slowly, "Gimme biscuit hog-a-die?" Nancy promised eagerly and was soon safe on dry ground, but the Indian was called Old Meanny, or Biscuit Hog-a-die from that day.

It was winter time again and the Sherwin family was back in the Round Valley home when Grace was born on Christmas Day 1868, a Christmas gift indeed. Jim called her his Gay Girl; hers was a joyous life, sunshine or cloud she met the day with a smile. In the days that were to come she was an inspiration to her children and friends; hers was that joyous faith that is deep enough to see the light of love beyond the clouds of sorrow.

In April 1870 they were at the Mountain home, (Ainslee Meadows) on top of the hill when the first little boy arrived. He was indeed a welcome gift, for Jim as well as the gentle Nancy had wanted a little son. He was named Birkett and was as much loved as was Nancy's brother who first wore the name. The thoughtful, studious boy became a man whose life was an open book of good deeds, of unselfish thought for others.

Jim and Nancy were back in the home on Rock Creek in the spring of 1872. Inyo never forgot the big earthquake. Nancy was alone with the children when the earth began that fearful trembling. She snatched the baby Grace, who was staggering on uncertain feet toward the fireplace, then turned to gather the children about her and reassure them. In the meantime, Jim was riding home from Bishop and saw the mountains apparently tipping back and forth. The darkness of the mountain sides at times was pierced with vivid flashes of light like fire, as the rolling rocks were striking other rocks.

One day Nannie, aged eight, Kathie six, and Grace four, were seated on their little sled happily coasting down hill. Some Power must have made little Nannie look up and see that the ice on the pond ahead had cracked; quick as a flash she called, "all roll off". She as well as the other two obeyed instantly, the little sled bounded on and was soon out on the icy water of the saw mill pond. Three little girls were bruised and shaken, but very happy not to be out on the little sled.

In September 1874 the Sherwins were living in the Mountain home. Here two dear friends, Mrs. Olds and Mrs. Hutchison, came to visit them. They had ridden from Round Valley on horse back and knew they must start back early so as to reach home before dark, so the time would be all too short for their visit. In leaving, the two friends assured Nancy they would come to her whenever she needed them. They decided that the quickest way to send a message was to signal by Nancy hanging out a sheet, and the friends knew they would see it from their homes in the valley. Next morning they looked toward the hill - there was the shining splash of white. (All had forgotten the big white rock at the head of the little mountain valley). Back came the two friends, to find the rock and that there had been no signal, but Nancy was so very glad to see them, as she felt she would soon have been sending the signal, so the friends stayed. That night the second little boy arrived, the little boy who was to wear his father's name, to be the little Jamie of the gentle mother and to fill the home with his singing. The promise of those eager boyish years became a man of sterling worth, loved and trusted by family and friends. Today the "Little Jim" is proud to see the name Jim Sherwin worn again by his own little grandson, Jimmy the Third.

The family remained at this Mountain Home for some two years, during which time Jim saw the need for building materials, so he built the road over the Sherwin Hill to Rock Creek where he established a saw mill - this mill furnished the lumber for the house where "Little Jim" was born. The six children were a happy little clan. There were anxious times for Jim and Nancy but not even their parents' thought of how to get the family out of the mountains could quite dampen their joy, for youth laughs at dangers and hardships.

They then moved to what is now known as the Swall Meadows where Jim located 160 acres and began development, bringing water in for irrigation from as far north as Pritchard's cabin. He continued to operate the saw mill from this point and he built a steep grade down over the hill which was called The Short Cut to connect with the road leading to the Mill.

Jim developed a saw mill at Mammoth when that became a busy mining camp. He made shakes and shingles for the homes that were being built in such haste. The children piled those shakes for many hours but were never too tired for a good run home. Jim made them snow shoes and how they loved to dodge the trees in their wild flying down hill. Too, there was work to be done on those snow shoes (now known as skiis) for all their provisions were brought from Mammoth, ten miles away. They piled the provisions on their little sled and then they traveled by snow shoe and drew the sled; all right unless the snow had started to melt and then they had a fearful time, but they forgot their troubles and to this day they remember those snow shoe trips with glee.

Jim Sherwin built a road from Round Valley to Mammoth; many, many changes have been made since those early days but both hill and grade bear his name and are known as Sherwin Hill and Sherwin Grade, though long ago this road ceased to be a private toll road and became a public highway. There was one grade from the mountain home which seemed to be his special delight, it was so very steep. Jim always said if you drove down that grade fast, at least at a trot, you would not have time to upset; suppose he was right as he never did have an upset while those who hesitated and tried to drive slowly, did overturn. Even so, it was a breath taking dash for the children with him, but then, they were as fearless as he.

In December 1879 sickness broke out in the camp and many lives were lost. A snow slide came and swept away the elevated ore tram and damaged some buildings, claiming one life and closing all mining operations. Following this, in January 1880, fire broke out and swept the town leaving many homeless and nearly destitute. In early spring, the Sherwin family, having lost everything but a few stock and household articles, moved back to Round Valley where the father located a timber claim and rented adjoining land for pasture and crops. Here again he borrowed for development work and about the time the place looked attractive, the mortgage was foreclosed. It was then he persuaded his daughter, Kathie, to locate a homestead, (just below Crosby's) and as Bodie was lively and the B & B Ry. had

been completed to Mono Mills, he pushed the road through from Convict Creek to Mono Mills and again obtained a charter to collect toll on the new road and the new road over Sherwin Hill and proceeded to develop the homestead into a fruit ranch.

Sometime about 1877 or '78 Indian Jerry came to Round Valley from a tribe across the mountains. There was a great deal of sickness among the Indians and Jerry claimed he was poisoning the water and would continue to do so unless they paid him money, much money. The Indians believed his stories, but knew they could not pay all he asked, so they made other plans. They felt the white people might interfere, so built a sort of fort at the northern end of Round Valley and it was pretty well stocked. When all was ready the Indians struck - Jerry was killed - and then messengers were sent to the homes of special friends among the whites. An Indian, Sherwin Jim, came to the mountain home at midnight to tell of Jerry's death. Nancy asked "who killed Jerry?" and was told "all Injuns kill Jerry," and they loyally clung to that story, they all did it. At first it was feared there would be trouble; the officers came as far as the Birchim ranch in Round Valley, learned of the fort and felt it would cause an uprising if they looked for the guilty ones; too, they felt that the Indians had meted out justice, that Jerry richly deserved what had happened, so the whole matter was forgotten.

The Indians became more friendly and helped on the farms; they were good workers and loyal to one they called friend. Jim noted that the land was being appropriated by the whites and that the Indians would be left without homes. He got together eight of the tribe, including the Chief, and took them to the Land Office at Independence to file for homesteads. Their applications were rejected at first, but on his insistence were received under protest. He dictated many letters that his Nancy wrote to the office of Indian Affairs in Washington, and at last he took the matter direct to President Garfield, getting back a reply ordering the applications be accepted and the Indians finally had the right to homestead and own their land and homes.

The Piutes never fully gave up their own customs. One old Indian was seen walking barefoot in the snow carrying his new boots so they would not be spoiled in the wet. When questioned about the cold he replied with another question, "You don't cover your face?" "No, my face is always uncovered so it does not get cold. But your feet --" "Well, Piute just all face."

The Piutes have a legend about the coyote which one could wish to hear from the lips of old Sam, one of their leaders. He told the story once to a group of children who frankly confessed they wished he would not take so much time for slow shakes of the head and thoughtful grunts. Just picture a circle of Indians around a campfire, the men smoking - and then the long, weird howl of the coyote - the Indians glance furtively around and then the old chief tells the story to the children at the fireside.

Once there was a bad Piute boy. No one could make him a good boy. His father and mother tried and so did his friends, but always he loved his wild ways best. The Great Spirit tried but even then the bad boy remained bad - there was just no hope. So the Great Spirit changed the bad Piute boy into a coyote. There was sorrow among the Piutes and they were loyal; they would not kill any coyote for fear of harming their bad boy who was still dear to them even though he would not walk on the straight path. The thieving coyotes could steal their chickens; not one was molested. And when at night they would hear the coyote's weird barking they would sadly shake their heads and grunt - just a bad boy.

It took the courage and faith of the Pioneers to settle the West and the children were as brave and true as their parents. Jim never lost his brave vision nor Nancy her steadfast faith, and they gave to their children six a priceless heritage. These children saw the building of the Valley, they too were Pioneers and knew the joys and sorrows of the Pioneers, but they saw life through the eager eyes of youth.

The years passed. Jim and Nancy Sherwin entered the Sunset Trail. Their steps grew slow and their eyes grew dim, but the courage and faith of the early years faded not. First Nancy of the steadfast faith, then Jim of the boundless courage fell asleep at the age of 93 years. May's eager eyes were closed; Kathie's happy song was stilled. Nannie and Grace, Birkett and Jim still carry bravely the banner their parents gave them.

Parents and children, Pioneers all, give to their children and friends the inspiration of lives well lived, of faith that sees beyond the clouds, of love that endures even into the Afterwards. They lived - these Pioneers - and they live today in the lives of those they loved so well. The magic of their influence lives on in the land that they made home. Live on - oh, Pioneers.

JAMES WILLIAM SHERWIN
(Born Sept. 24, 1874)

Little Jim was the youngest child of the pioneer Sherwin family, and being a rather sickly child he was left a great deal to his own devices. He learned at a very early age to be self sufficient, to enjoy being by himself, to love nature and not to be dependent on anyone other than himself.

When he was but five years old he made his first acquaintance with mining when his father first took Little Jim through the 40 stamp mill which was in full operation. The principle of the steam engine was carefully explained to him. Little Jim didn't like to see what he thought an idle Big 16' wheel while all others were pulling by belt at their load, so after leaving the mill his father carefully explained the principle of momentum and its ability to pull the steam engine past a possible dead center. This point learned that day served Jim well in later years.

From the mill they went to the tram line where the principle of gravity was explained and the child was shown how the loaded cars were pulling the empty ones up the mountain to the point of loading. From there they went to the office on Main Street and Little Jim listened to the talk of mining operations. The managers were anxious to impress Mr. Sherwin with the richness of the mines. They opened the office desk drawer and took out a piece of white honeycomb quartz which was full of gold--when they tapped the rock gently over a piece of paper the gold fell out and they measured a full teaspoon. Little Jim, standing by, was very doubtful and that evening at the supper table, when the trip was being discussed, asked his father why the people spoiled that pretty rock for them. His father was a bit shocked by the question and even more so when Little Jim asked him if he thought they would pour the gold back into the rock to show the next visitor. This was too much for his mother who proceeded to give him a lecture for daring to doubt people's honesty in such a way. Little Jim listened to the lecture but he never changed his mind.

It was a short time after that Little Jim got his first suit of custom made clothes and proceeded with his brother Birkett (4½ years older) to the photograph gallery to have a tin type picture taken. Little Jim, having been called by some "Bug Eye" partially closed his eyes with the result that the picture had a sleepy look.

The morning after a big snowstorm, the children were clamoring for skiis, each giving a reason for claiming the first pair. The father listened to them all and then decided to start with the youngest, so by 4 p.m. Little Jim had his first pair of skiis and immediately started to learn how to use them and went down grade for about 100 yards before trying to go back -- then trouble developed. His father let him wallow around for some time before going to his rescue by wading waist deep in the snow and carrying him back to the house. After all were supplied with skiis, the father made a snow shoe sled for handling feed and milk and the oldest girl put in a bid for the first ride, a request which was granted. So early the next morning, while the snow was firm, she took her first ride which was successful and stimulated her to go higher on the hill and get a faster, more thrilling ride. She lost control and the sled struck an obstruction and she was thrown head first into the wood pile, knocking her unconscious and cutting a large gash in her scalp. For a time it was feared she was not going to regain consciousness, but a short time later she was recovering all right though the happening cast a gloom over sled riding for some time.

It was from the home in Round Valley that Little Jim received his first taste of public school. Riding eleven miles a day, when weather was too cold for work on the place, one morning his chore was to round up the horses which had wandered to the Swall Meadows before school. The horses were reluctant and kept breaking back and it was while riding at full speed the pony fell, throwing Little Jim head first against a boulder. This happened just as the sun was touching the mountains and it was about 9 a.m. when he came back to consciousness with a large gash in his scalp and his head

drenched in blood. The pony was standing about 40 feet away waiti for the boy to remount, knowing that he was not to blame, he had no fear of punishment though when he dumped the boy in fun, as he often did, the boy couldn't get his hands on him until he got home.

One windy Friday afternoon the teacher dismissed early so he could get to Bishop before a storm broke. The wind was howling right out of Pine Creek Canyon and temperatures were dropping. When about a quarter mile north of Pine Creek, Little Jim saw his neighbor, Mr. Pettigrew, about a half a mile ahead of him, riding full tilt for home. The sun was still shining and he saw a white flash of light to his right. The thought came to him that the man had lost his pocket book. As two Indians were riding not far behind him, Little Jim stopped to see if they had observed anything, but they rode by without stopping. Taking note of the position of the flash which came between two bunches of willows growing on the stream bank close by, Little Jim rode on and sure enough there under a sagebrush was the neighbor's wallet. Picking it up he examined it and saw that it contained a nice roll of currency, held in place by a rubber band. He rode over to Mr. Pettigrew's house, located him at the stable and asked if he had lost anything on his way home -- the answer was that he had lost every cent he had. Little Jim handed him the wallet and waited to see if it passed inspection. Mr. Pettigrew took a $20 bill out and offered it for the service, but Little Jim refused to take pay for helping a neighbor. The next day Mr. Pettigrew had a long talk with the boy's mother but he never knew what they talked about.

Early next winter Mr. Noice and his partner from Mono Lake came by on their way to the Lake. As the wind had been blowing for three days from the southwest, Mr. Sherwin told them they had better not go any farther, as he felt sure a big storm was coming. They didn't heed the warning, but went on and were forced to turn back before reaching the top of Sherwin Hill. They stayed some ten days with the Sherwins before finding feed for their stock. Noice's partner took charge of the stock while Mr. Noice made a pair of snow shoes (skiis) and one bright sunny morning started for Mono Lake carrying three days' rations for himself and dog and a small roll of bedding. Two weeks from that morning Mrs. Sherwin was awakened by something scratching at the screen door. She looked out and there was a dog, but it didn't look like anything she had ever seen. She called Little Jim, knowing he would know if it were Noice's dog as they had played together. Little Jim opened the door and called Tag, who tried to jump up on the boy, but was too weak. Jim fed him just a very little at a time until the rest had their breakfast and were ready to go in search of the master, knowing full well something had gone wrong. By coaxing the dog for a while with food he took the lead and took them straight to his master's body -- his master had suffered a heart attack, had cut his shoulder straps and dropped his pack in the snow and probably told Tag to watch it which he had done faithfully for two weeks, never touching the food and keeping the coyotes back from his dead master's body.

In April 1890, Birkett being 21 years old, declared his independence and refused to drive the team any longer, so the father came to Little Jim and told him he would have to take over. Jim also said no, he would have nothing to do with it as he was going out to work for himself. His father said he would have to turn over his earnings until he was 21, but the boy said no again unless some satisfactory arrangement was made for at least a little schooling. The father had no more to say and soon after the two boys went to Mono Mills and got jobs in the timber, but the season was short there. They then took a contract to make shakes to cover a large barn in Round Valley for Will Thorington. The boys went into the timber north of the Big Springs on Owens River and found suitable timber though it was high on the hill and they had to roll the short sections of log down the hill to level ground for working into the finished product. They had a snow storm while there and one day when it was Jim's turn to saw and roll the cuts down the hill he went to camp for lunch. When he returned, there on the log in the snow were the tracks of a large mountain lion--he had been crouched on a limb over Jim's head all forenoon--proof being the absence of any tracks in the snow leading to the tree. (Jim states that even then he was considered too skinny for good eating).

In May 1893 Mr. Logan called John Mumford, Birkett and Jim together and told them he didn't want them to miss the mid-winter Fair in San Francisco and he was going to lend them each $50 and they could repay him when they got back. So with $50 each they took one pack mule and three saddle horses and started for Fresno via Rock Creek Pass. The first day the mule got into a mud hole and sprained an ankle and when darkness fell was on three legs, so not wishing to keep her tied while in that condition, they turned her loose thinking she would stay with the horses but next morning there was no pack mule, so they had to take one of the saddle horses to do the packing, leaving one of the group on foot from then on. They took turns, the one on foot usually ahead. They reached Fresno and found feed for the stock, took the train to San Francisco, spent several days there and then returned to Fresno. On the train Jim heard the conductor say "Well the strike is on" but didn't know what it was all about. As the heat in Fresno was so intense (110° in the shade) and the stock so soft and fat, they did not take on any extra supplies thinking they would get some in Yosemite Valley, but when they got there they found they had left San Francisco on the last train before the big strike and the one store was empty. They had to depend on their guns for food from then on. The first day they got a couple of grouse; the second they got a deer, but before they could get to it the big blue flies were there. Jim took the animal to the creek, dressed it out while the others kept the flies off with willow branches, and then weighted the quarters down to the bottom of the stream with rocks and left them there until they had had their fill of broiled liver and were ready to move on. Jim took the meat from the stream and to the surprise of all they were no longer bothered with flies and were able to take the meat home to Round Valley without losing so much as a pound.

When the boys got home they went to work in the harvest fields for $1.25 a day for 12 hours work and board, to pay off their debt.

After that they tried to get a little ahead for schooling, but goin' was hard and time at school was short, so much went undone. Later, after Birkett had graduated, Jim was doing the janitor work for the school for his tuition and rooming with John Mumford who was then in the last stages of tuberculosis; poor fellow, how he suffered and how little could be done to help him!

In 1896 Jim contracted cutting timber for Chas. Wildasin at Mammoth while Birkett went to Bodie and got a job in a cyanide plant. In 1898 Jim went to Bodie, got a job driving team at South End--being last man on the job he got the cull of the teams, one black and balky, the other white and sickly--their combined weight was 3200 pounds. Mr. J. S. Cain, The Big Boss, told Jim that whenever Mike got sick for him to go to Boone's Store and get a bottle of whisky and pour down him--adding that he was not telling anyone else to do that for Mike would be reported sick every day.

During that summer Jim spent many evenings up at the South End cyanide plant where Birkett was in charge of the night shift and put in his time learning the work, hoping he would get a chance in the plant, but it didn't come until the following year. That was the turning point, and it wasn't long before the plant was in his charge. While the South End was a hard place to work, it gave Jim a chance to learn the work from crushing the ore to melting and assaying and shipping the bullion; from cutting the zinc to its use in precipitation and its elimination and the smelting of the precipitates. Jim was resourceful in his work and took great pride in working out problems which were extremely difficult. One such was moving four 20 foot tanks and three 12 foot tanks down a narrow road, in places only 8 feet wide, along steep cliffs to a deep creek channel. Another was to install a phone by setting poles and stringing wire a half mile to the telegraph line.

It was about this time that Jim went with Birkett to the Bodie Ranch to meet Birkett's girl friend. There he met both Christine and Idelle Gregory and liked them both, but really thought Birkett had picked the wrong girl. It was but a short time after that the whole town was commenting and trying to figure out how two dance crazy girls should fall for two fellows who never danced. The question has never been answered.

December 5, 1900 Dell and Jim were married at the U. S. Hotel in Bodie. The ceremony was hardly over when the band struck up and the younger kids, about 40 of them, struck up their tune of tin cans. The next morning when they took the stage, the stock got mixed up in the empty cans and things were lively for a few minutes. People came running out on the street thinking there was another wedding on. They traveled by stage to Hawthorne, then by train to San Francisco, then by boat to Los Angeles, then by stage to Bishop--the travel going from good to bad, and from bad to worse.

In early spring they went to Bodie Ranch and Jim moved a small house from Aurora for living quarters and Jim continued his work in the plant. September 11, 1901 Guen was born and they thought she was just about right. The next spring Jim left the plant to Birkett

and took a job with the May Lundy as Assayer and Cyanide man. The work went well except for low temperatures in early spring and fall. As soon as roads were open, Dell and baby Guen joined Jim and they lived in a small cabin about a quarter mile from the plant. For Jim the time passed rapidly, but for Dell it was terrible. Jim ran the plant two years and put it in shape when he left for another summer run, but a few days after he left a snow slide took the plant across the lake and scattered it among the rocks and it was never rebuilt.

The following winter Birkett and Jim worked developing the Casa Diablo mine. Another hell on earth for the girls and the children. They put in a five stamp mill and a small cyanide plant expecting to run while the spring runoff was on and also store some water, but alas! the Sierra hogged the snow fall and they got none--not even enough for proper house use so things were bad. The Lundy Plant was gone and Jim's job with it, so Birkett got a job and Jim stayed on and got a deal through a Mr. Taylor with a Chicago company. They took an option on the mine and agreed to a minimum amount of 60 shifts per month at $4.00 per shift in development work. They also agreed, reluctantly, that Birkett and Jim would do the work. The boys started to develop by tunnel from mill level; this was slow and tedious and an extension of time was needed which was granted on easier terms. Shortly after they drilled into a 40 inch vein of two ounce ore--had they made the hit one shift sooner it would have meant about $10,000 more to them.

In May 1905 Dell, Guen and Jim made a trip to Bodie Ranch. Dell and Guen stayed on while Jim returned to the mine. On the 28th day of June another young lady made her appearance at the Ranch and while Jim received favorable reports of her coming, it was not his pleasure to meet the young lady until she was one month old. He still insists that she looked at him and he at her, she turned in her mother's arms and held out her arms to him. Well it was love at first sight for Jim and his daughter Dorothy, and how he loved to cuddle her in his arms.

The next day they started for the mine. They reached Mono Mills the first day and stayed over night in a box car, then on to the mine the second day.

Later on, after closing out all Jim's interests in the mine, he bought 80 acres of the Hall ranch southwest of Bishop. He rented this land for a time and moved to Berkeley where he built a small home and worked with the builders in San Francisco, Oakland and Berkeley, but times got bad and so they moved back to Bishop and he built a house on the ranch, later selling 20 acres to A. E. Larson, then selling the remainder to George Clarke and auctioning off all the stock and household goods, they again moved back to Berkeley by way of Sonora Pass with spring wagon and two good horses.

In Berkeley he got a job with the City Engineers as inspector of city work on sidewalks, curbs and streets; also regulating the shipment of quarry materials. Seeing to it that nothing but first class material went on the first class streets--the second day on the job

the Quarry Superintendent told Jim he would make it well worth his while if he would pass the second grade material as first grade for the Alameda. Jim told him he had made a mistake in his man and that he would take his orders from the City Engineer. Later Jim was delayed enroute to work by a sidewalk contractor and when he arrived a few minutes later he found all wagons loaded ready to pull out. He stepped to the lead wagon to inspect the shipping tag and found it billed for the Alameda, as were the rest. He went to the office and told the Superintendent the material was not acceptable for that street. The Superintendent flew into a rage and ordered the teamsters to go ahead and they did all that day. Jim reported to the City Engineer that night--all he said was to call by for instructions in the morning. The next morning Jim was handed a note to the Quarry Superintendent and was told to read it first--it was very short, just "Remove material placed on the Alameda yesterday, forthwith" and signed W. F. McClure, City Engineer.

There was no more trouble along that line but the noise of the blasting received complaints from every side and as Jim was supposed to regulate the use of dynamite to two sticks in shallow holes and bulldoze shots and the city dwellers couldn't believe that two sticks in a shallow hole would make more noise than 1000 pounds in a deep hole, it soon became evident that the Quarry would be condemned. It wasn't long before this happened and Jim was out of a job with no prospects of another, so they went back to Bishop.

The winter before returning to Bishop was marked by another big event in their lives. Following a long siege of whooping cough, which in turn was followed by the chicken pox, their third little daughter Carol was born on March 11, 1910.

In Bishop they rented for a short time, then bought Tanglewood, one mile west of Bishop, and Jim worked at whatever jobs were available. As long as the children were growing up and in school he refrained from returning to the mines he loved. He spent one season on the Owens River canal, and one with the Bishop Creek Water Association during which employment his resourcefulness in using kodak pictures to prove his points saved the local users a great deal of trouble as well as water.

On June 16, 1915 their only son Raymond was born at their home and their joy was complete. There was nothing within his power that Jim would not do for his children and his children's friends. It was a haven of delight to many a child raised in town for there was the family orchard and garden where they could help themselves which was a novelty to many. The children of the two Sherwin families (three boys and one girl in Birkett's) who were double cousins were raised very closely and it was almost like one big happy family. Their holidays were always cooperative affairs and there are many, many happy memories of the years of growing up in this lovely fertile valley.

Then came the tragic happening that changed the lives of so many when the City of Los Angeles moved in, buying up the ranches and

drying up the valleys. The Sherwins, like many others, were uprooted and forced to find a home elsewhere retaining only their mountain property in Mammoth where in the summer of 1925 Jim took his son to the woods with him to split by hand the shakes which he used the following year to build the Sherwin Shake Shack which too holds many a happy memory.

On December 5, 1920 the eldest daughter, Guen, married Thurman J. Thompson, an employee of a local hardware store. Later they went into the novelty store business and when the Sherwins moved from Bishop, they with their three children, Claire, Maurice, and Noel, moved with them to Mountain View where they went into the novelty store business together.

The second daughter, Dorothy, after graduating from High School in 1922, attended State Teachers College at San Jose and after completing her course in Kindergarten-Primary work, taught for four years in Burlingame. She returned to Bishop to teach in 1928 and on August 1, 1929, married Ralph C Vellom who was then Paymaster for the City of Los Angeles at the Crooked Creek Construction Camp. On September 21, 1932 their only son Lee Sherwin was born. They have resided in Bishop where Ralph is an Auditor with the State Board of Equalization and in charge of the local office serving Inyo and Mono Counties and Dorothy is employed by the Division of Highways as the Secretarial Assistant to the District Engineer and their son Lee is about to graduate from High School.

The third daughter, Carol, also attended San Jose State following graduation from Bishop Union High School and returned to Bishop to teach in the local schools. On June 22, 1932 she married Emile Faure who was then distributor for the Texaco Company. It was shortly after their marriage that the family moved from Bishop and it was not long before they too left the valley, first for the State of Washington and then to El Centro where they still live with their three children Linda, Leon and Lorraine.

Raymond took his last year of High School in Mountain View, then on to San Jose and on to Berkeley where he studied law and graduated from Bolt Hall, U. C. He took employment with the Social Security Board and went back to Washington D. C. While there the girl to whom he was engaged, Janet Reid, flew back and they were married. Ray had known Janet's father for some time, as he has a drug store near the U. C. campus, but it was in Bishop while she was visiting another Mills College girl, Jeanne Chance, that he met her. They returned to California shortly before war broke out and the following summer Ray went into the Navy where he served for about four years on board the S.S. Washington in the South Pacific and left service as a Lieutenant. He is now Judge Raymond J. Sherwin of Vallejo where he is at the head of the Junior Chamber of Commerce and is active in the American Legion. He has three sturdy young sons, Jimmy, Reid and Donald, who will carry on the name of Sherwin for another generation at least.

To return to Jim and his life--he was not happy in business, for it was too confined and he yearned for his home country, so each summer as soon as the mountain passes will permit traveling he has returned for a short time. At first when his health was better and he was younger, he spent his time in this section of the country by working in and around the mines in Bodie and surrounding country. In recent years he has returned to Mammoth where he enjoys being in his beloved mountains, in his quiet communion with nature and God made beauty far away from traffic and the smells and confusion of the city. He rarely even comes to Bishop and only stays long enough to look after the property he acquired on the corner of West Line and Home Streets and to the necessary shopping and then returns to the mountains.

By his side always in his constant, faithful and fun-loving wife, Idelle, who though loving the mountain beauty too, would much prefer to be among the people she so dearly loves. She looks forward to, and makes the most of each precious visit to town and with her daughter Dorothy she makes the most of each golden hour.

By the grace of God this dear couple will celebrate their Golden Wedding Anniversary this coming December, with their family complete and happily situated in their various communities. Stalwart as the mountains he loves, Jim has given, and still gives much to his children to be carried through their lives to their children, for his honesty, integrity, and loving kindness to mankind and animals were his outstanding characteristics.

Dorothy Sherwin Vecsey

THE WONACOTT FAMILY

In November, 1849, when the Manly party was on the trail to what is now Death Valley in Inyo County, California, there was born in Virginia a boy who was later to play a substantial part in developing the northern part of that same county.

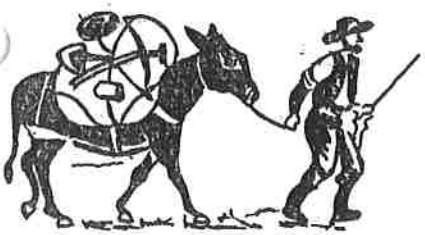
Charles William Wonacott was born in Richmond, Virginia, on November 8, 1849. Little is known of his boyhood, but on June 16, 1872, in St. Clair County, Missouri, he married Miss Rachel Huckaby. They lived for a time in Osage, Mo., and there their first child Frank was born. Times were not very prosperous in Osage and tales which came to them of the farm land available in eastern California made them yearn to try their fortune in the new country. So when Rachel's brother George Huckaby was married to Emily Smith, the bride and groom, together with their parents the Joseph Smiths, and the Huckabys, and young Charles and Rachel Wonacott, all started together for California leaving Ft. Scott, Kansas, on May 2, 1874. In the excitement of packing for her wedding trip, Emily, then only fifteen years of age, forgot the hoops for her hoop skirts, which was indeed a tragedy for a young bride.

The journey was difficult, and baby Frank became ill with fever. Besides, Rachel was now expecting her second child, and so the Wonacotts stopped in Laramie, Wyoming, while the others pressed on to California. Charles and Rachel stayed for a year or more in Laramie, and there their daughter Carrie was born and little Frank died.

Finally they resumed their trip and reached Bishop in November of 1875. Their first home was a cabin where the J. C. Penney store now stands. They moved to a cabin on the old Mallory ranch, and their second son, Don L. Wonacott, was born there. (Later the cabin was used to house pigs).

The elder Huckabys and the Smiths eventually settled on adjoining ranches on the north side of what is now called Dixon Lane.

In these early days when the mines were booming there was much hauling to be done from the mining areas. Charles Wonacott spent some time teaming between Candelaria and Carson City and Bishop.



For a while they lived in Murphys, in Calaveras County. While there he built the steps down to the Mercer Caves which were discovered by a Mr. Mercer, a relative of the Matlick family. It was during this period, October 18, 1886, that their son Albert Warren (Bob) was born.

Charles was a carpenter and a building contractor by trade. His first work in the valley was that of building in West Bishop the Spencer store, which was a well known establishment at one time. He built the West Bishop school house, and when it was destroyed by fire, he built another to replace it. This structure is now being used as a Presbyterian Church for the Indians. Many of the bridges around this area were built by him, as was the old grammar school which now houses the Bishop fire department and city offices. He was one of the carpenters for the Butler home where Edna Butler now resides, and he was the contractor for the old Bulpitt building on the site where Josephs store is now located, although he himself did not do the stone work on the edifice.

For years the family lived on the ranch on West Bishop Lane where the Clarksons now reside, (usually called the Nelligan ranch). Mr. Wonacott planted in front of the house two little pine trees which are still there. The Eldred family lived across the street from them there and the Wonacott and Eldred children were reared together. Don, Forrest and Carrie attended the West Bishop school which their father had constructed.

The Keoughs also were close friends of the Wonacotts. In fact, when Mrs. Keough passed away, Rachel Wonacott was with her to the end. The two families particularly enjoyed making camping trips together up Bishop Creek. For four or five years they celebrated the 4th of July holiday in this way.

The Wonacott family now moved to the ranch of Rachel's parents, the Huckabys, and when Mr. Huckaby passed away, Charles Wonacott bought his brother-in-law George Huckaby's inherited share of the ranch, part payment being a team of horses which was a favorite of the family. There was no school bus in those days, and the Wonacott children walked to school in Bishop and back. One of Carrie's dear friends at school was Eva McGee Yaney. Mamie Clark was Carrie's teacher when Carrie graduated from the 8th grade. She graduated from the Bishop Academy also.

Bob Wonacott attended the Riverside school where Katie Arcularius Watterson was his teacher. This school had several locations, class being held in houses donated for the purpose until Charles Wonacott gave the county an acre of his land to be used for a school site as long as it was needed. A school was built on this site and was used until the attendance was insufficient to maintain it. Florence Huckaby Smith walked all the way from her home in Laws to attend it, after she and the teacher at the Laws school had some differences. Grace Watterson Schively, Evelyn Gunter Neill and Mrs. Mabel Amon were others who taught there.

While building was his primary occupation, Charles Wonacott found time to engage in other enterprises and in civic affairs. He, Phil Keough, Dick Eldred and John Bulpitt were the first to stock Rae Lake above Big Pine with trout. They carried the fish up to the lake in cans on the backs of donkeys.

He, Charlie Garrison and John Bulpitt started a sawmill in the Owens River gorge. They logged the country in the vicinity of the Casa Diablo mine with George Huckaby in charge of the logging operations. The logs were slid into the river by a shoot, and floated down to the sawmill. From the mill the lumber was again raised to the top of the gorge by horse tram, and teamed to its destination. The mill was operated only during the summer months and as soon as school was dismissed, Rachel moved to the camp on top to cook for the loggers. There was another cook house in the gorge. All of the water for the upper camp was brought up in barrels on the tramway.

With the sudden rapid growth of Tonopah, Charles Wonacott took his 12-year-old son, Bob, with him to that town where he started a lumber yard and engaged in the building business. Later he took in as a partner, George Hall of Big Pine. In those days there was nobody to take care of the dead, and it fell to the carpenters to make wooden coffins which were covered with anything available. So carpentry led them into the undertaking business, and they built a mortuary.

Bob spent two years there teaming. Then he returned to Bishop, and his mother, his sisters Vangie and Hattie, and his brothers Harold and Dwight went to Tonopah. Bob and his brothers Forrest and Don (who had a threshing outfit with Charlie Olds, Sr.) stayed in the family home and teamed around Bishop and Big Pine, principally hauling hay to the railroad at Laws to be sent to Sodaville and Tonopah. After two years of this, Bob returned to Tonopah where he attended school and helped his father in the lumber yard and undertaking parlor. Later his father purchased a horse drawn taxi from a Reno man, and for a couple of years Bob was its driver.

Charles bought out George Hall and later Frank J. Cavanaugh became his partner in the mortuary which still bears their names. Years later Charles Wonacott sold his interest in the business to Cavanaugh, and when Wonacott passed away, his old friend came from Tonopah to conduct the services.

Rachel did not like the wild, dirty boom town and after four years there she returned to her Bishop home. In 1908 Charles joined her, driving into town, as his daughter recalls, a fine grey team.

Charles Wonacott was always ready to take his share of public responsibility. He served on the Board of Trustees of both the elementary and the high school. For two terms he was a member of the Board of Supervisors of Inyo County. The roads of that day had no surface but the natural dirt, and despite constant use of plough and horse drawn grader, the roads were rough and always in need of repair. Charles Wonacott believed that if the roads were surfaced

with gravel they would last much longer, and so he proposed that the Board of Supervisors purchase a rock crusher and road roller run by a gasoline engine. The rest of the Board did not think the plan would prove satisfactory, and to prove to them its worth, Charles himself bought the equipment. After seeing the machinery work, they were convinced of its practicality and reimbursed him for it. The roads built with crushed rock held their surface many times longer than the dirt surfaced roads, and the equipment was used by Inyo County for a number of years.

In 1915, the Inyo Register reported, the Board of Supervisors voted to have a quarantine corral built at the Laws railroad station and Charles Wonacott was put in charge of the project. It was completed shortly and is still standing, although now rarely used.

Charles Wonacott was a jolly, kindly man, happy-go-lucky and fond of teasing his friends and family. He loved children and was the father of nine. He was interested in the activities of the Methodist Church and both he and his daughter Carrie sang in the choir. He was a loyal member of the Elks Club of Bishop, and the large elk's tooth which hung on his generous chest was a familiar trinket which fascinated his young grandchildren. He was fond of animals too. Once, after he had retired and had leisure time, he was given a magpie that someone had caught. He tamed it, split its tongue and taught it to talk, and trained it so that when he would go out on the porch and call the bird, it would fly to him, perch on his shoulder and peck at his ear or the elk's tooth, or search in his pocket for the cracker which he would hide there for it. He was a very heavy man and many of his descendants have the same tendency toward obesity.

Rachel was more reserved than her husband. She was a neat housekeeper, thrifty, and a meticulous person. She loved to entertain large groups of her family and neighbors, and on occasions thirty or more would gather for family dinners. Her home was always open to everyone. Kate Boyd was one of the neighbors whom she particularly enjoyed having in her home.

Their family became closely related to the Thomas Thompson family by marriage--in fact, three Wonacott boys were engaged to marry three Thompson girls. Don Wonacott married Maggie Thompson and Bob Wonacott married Carrie Thompson. The third marriage was prevented by a tragedy. Forrest Wonacott was soon to marry Jennie Thompson. At that time, about 1910, he was teaming for Frank Clark, hauling freight from Laws station to Bishop. One day he, Frank Clark and Ally McNally were teaming together. When the day's work was completed, Forrest unhitched his team, put his horses in the barn, and went to get them some hay. He was found between the haystack and the barn, paralyzed, the victim of a stroke, although he was only in his early thirties. Gentle little Jennie waited for him to recover, but in a few years she herself died, and Forrest remained an invalid until his death in 1921.

Don and Maggie continued to live in Bishop on the Thompson ranch until they sold the property to the City of Los Angeles. Then they moved to Oakdale. Three of their four children were already in high school before they left Bishop.

Carrie married twice and had three children. Her elder son, Allen McDonald, was lost in the first World War. She met Larry DeLuchi, a very fine man who was the plumbing contractor for the high school which was being built at that time, and they were married. She has lived in Oakland with him ever since.

Hattie had two children, Charles and Forrest Bell. Her second husband was A. O. Adams, a building contractor who constructed the building where the Chalfant Press and other businesses are located, the theatre and the stores north of it to the Westerner, several of the power plants, some of Bishop's sidewalks and other Inyo buildings.

Harold was married but had no children. He passed away a few years ago.

Vangie Wonacott Backert Robinson has two children. She lives in Oakland.

Dwight is married and has no children. He is living in Fresno where he is connected with the State Highway Department.

The only child of Charles and Rachel Wonacott who remains in Bishop is Albert Warren (Bob). He is engaged in the dairy business. His daughter Thelma is married to Tom Summers, Jr., and lives on a ranch near Minden, Nevada. They have three sons. His daughter Barbara Jean is married to Horace Evans. They have one daughter and live at the family home in Bishop. His son Thomas married Kathleen Murphy, a teacher in the Bishop High School. They live in Bishop and have no children.

Rachel Wonacott passed away in 1922 and Charles Wonacott in 1929, after earning the respect of all who knew them. Both are buried in the Pioneer cemetery in Bishop.

The material in this report is based on articles in the Inyo Register and on the personal reminiscences of members of the Wonacott family. Due to the time which has elapsed since the events herein described took place, there may be some inaccuracies in recalling or interpreting the information, but to the best of our knowledge this is the Wonacott Story.

Kathleen M. Wonacott

(FRANK - Died at 18 mo.)

(CARRIE
 Neill McDonald — (Allen, (Charles

Ed Wolpart
L. J. DeLuchi — (Eva

DON L.
 Maggie Thompson — (Elma, (Irene, (Doris, (Don

FORREST

HATTIE
 Ed Bell — (Charles, (Forrest

A. O. Adams

ALBERT W. (Bob)
 Carrie Thompson — (Thelma T. Summers — (John, Albert, James

CHARLES W. WONACOTT — (Thomas, (Kathleen Murphy

Rachel Huckaby — (Barbara Jean (Arnetta, (Horace Evans

HAROLD

EVANGELINE
 Frank Backert
 Tom Robinson

DWIGHT
 Callie Woods
 Georgia Stroble

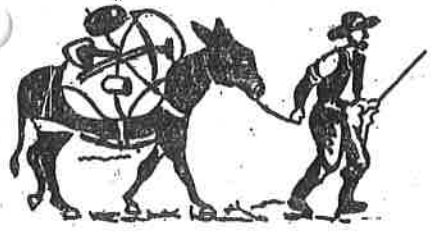
HISTORY OF THE McGEE FAMILY

The branch of the McGee family which is concerned with the history of Inyo and Mono Counties consisted of the father, Alney T. McGee, his wife, Margaret Lee McGee, three sons Barton, Alney Lee and John Simpson and three daughters, Margaret who married N. J. Hockett of Porterville after whom the "Hockett Trail" is named, Mahulda and Elizabeth. Mahulda married Jess N. Summers and remained with the McGees and afterwards lived in Bridgeport, Mono County, for many years. Their house still stands in Bridgeport, one of the steep-roofed, white two-story houses on the North side of the Main street west of the courthouse. One of my earliest recollections is sliding down the banisters of this house which I thought was the biggest and most beautiful house in the whole world. Elizabeth married a well to do man in San Leandro and was not associated with the history of this country. The mother was Margaret Lee of Virginia.

The family moved from Missouri to Texas, where my father, Alney L. was born in January, 1844. I do not know how many of the children were born in Texas. They moved to California and settled at Santa Barbara where they lived for several years. My father went to school in Santa Barbara and his principal associates were Mexicans and he learned to speak their language as well as he did English. About all the schooling he received was at Santa Barbara. Later they moved to the San Joaquin Valley where they engaged in the cattle business.

The McGees were first identified with the history of Inyo and Mono Counties in the Spring of 1861 when the father and mother, the three sons and Taylor McGee, a cousin of the boys, gathered a herd of beef cattle in Tulare Valley and started for Monoville in Inyo County, near the present site of Laws, via Walker's Pass. The Indians were unfriendly but caused no trouble outside of threatening to stampede their cattle. The party estimated that there were at least 1000 Indians in the valley at that time. Other stockmen began coming into the valley about this time with their herds.

As the Fall of 1861 approached, several of these families decided to remain in the valley for the winter. Among these were the McGees and as late as the first week in November, Alney and Bart brought in about 1500 head of cattle. On November 12, 1861, when they arrived at Lone Pine, about 4 inches of snow fell. They drove on to George's Creek, now Manzanar, and decided to winter at Lone Pine. This was the beginning of the wettest winter ever recorded in Inyo County.



Bart went on to Aurora, a mining camp near Bodie, for supplies and reported 8 feet of snow there at that time. He also reported finding white settlements on Little Pine Creek, now Independence, Bishop Cre and at Round Valley. Upon his return they put up a cabin at Lone Pine for the winter. I am informed that the remains of this cabin are still standing.

On Christmas Eve the winter set in in earnest. In Bart McGee's records he said there was not a day in the next fifty-four days that it did not rain or snow some time in the 24 hours, sometimes snowing to a depth of two or more feet and then raining it off. Owens River was from one-fourth to one mile in width and Owens Lake raised 12 feet. Before spring the settlers at Lone Pine had nothing but beef to eat, sometimes with no salt.

During this period the elder McGees had a meat market in Aurora, for which the cattle were brought from Tulare and fattened in Owens Valley and in Adobe Meadows north of the Valley. I am informed on good authority that the McGees grazed their herds on Adobe Meadows before the Shaw family were there--whether they owned the land or not, I do not know. They also had a saw mill on the stream running into Adobe from the west and this stream is still known as McGee Creek, making three streams bearing that name: McGee Creek in Long Valley, at Adobe and the one running through McGee or Longley Meadows, and through Pleasant Valley where the Inyo Lumber Company plant is now located.

The McGee brouthers participated in the Indian War which is recorded in Chalfant's "Story of Inyo" and into which I will not go in detail One fight I would like to mention. On the old road between Bishop and Big Pine, many of you will remember a very large oval-shaped granite boulder on the south side of the road. The Indians were behind this boulder. The whites drove the Indians out and a white man's scalp was found lying on top of the rock after the battle. In April, 1862, most of the white settlers, including the McGees, left the valley to the Indians. They had been defeated in several battles and had little support from the government. The whites took with them about 4000 head of cattle and 2500 head of sheep. A fort had been established by the government at Fort Independence and a force of soldiers were left there. The next year the whites began drifting back into the valley although the Indians were still hostile. The McGee family continued to conduct their market in Aurora, bringing their cattle from Tulare.

"Charlie's Butte"

On March 6, 1863, Mr. & Mrs. Jess Summers, Alney L. McGee, his mother, a small niece and "Negro Charlie" Tyler camped at Owensville near the present site of Laws on their way from Aurora to Visalia. The family was traveling in a wagon and Charlie was on horseback, driving a band of saddle and work horses. On March 7 they came upon the body of a white man who had been killed by the Indians and stripped of his clothing. Signal fires were seen near Fish Springs and the

party hurried on. Just before getting into the Black Rock country below the present Tinnemaha Dam on Owens River, their way was blocked by approximately 100 Indians. The party turned from the road and attempted to cross the river near a small black butte. Their horses were unable to haul the wagon out of the river so the men cut them loose from the wagon and mounting the horses, started for Fort Independence several miles away. Negro Charlie gave them his horse and told them to get the women out of danger and he would catch another one out of the band and follow them. They never saw him again. Years later, a pistol was found near the spot and was identified as Charlie's, it's empty chambers a mute reminder of a valiant fight.

My father rode behind his mother on one of the horses until they had outdistanced the Indians on their inferior ponies. Then, as the horse began to tire he dismounted and ran beside the horse. His boots were filled with water when in the river, and the weight caused them to fall off his feet when on the horse with no stirrups, so he was practically barefoot and had to run that way through the lava rocks and tussock grass which had been recently burned over.

They reached the Fort that night, where their reception by the Captain was not to his credit, according to Mr. Chalfant. However, the party remained at the Fort. They asked for a military escort to take them back to Aurora. This was refused by the officer in charge. A strong party of citizens was formed and the McGee party joined them and made the trip back without much trouble.

The Summers-McGee party lost 22 head of horses in this attack besides their wagon and all their personal belongings and several hundred dollars in cash from the Aurora market.

After the war ended in about 1866 the McGee family settled in the valley. They had almost all of Long Valley, from the old Benton Crossing south to the Hilton Creek property which was owned by the Hilton family; McGee Creek and McGee Mountain getting the name from them. They had cattle on these ranches which they moved to Round Valley in the fall, and moving them back very early in the spring, as there were no fences and they were governed by the "no fence" law which made the cattlemen take care of their cattle as soon as the farmers started putting in their crops. Consequently many cattle died of starvation in the spring until the time that the farmers were able to fence their property.

My mother, Elizabeth Nevada Gunter, was born in a covered wagon high up in the Sierra Nevada mountains near Emigrant's Gap on the Placerville road in September 1853. The Gunter family consisting of Jacob Gunter and wife, and seven children were on their way to California from the East. They made their home near Sacramento where they lived for several years.

About 1868 my mother came to Round Valley with a party and she taught school there for one or two years. This must have just been a private school as she was not more than 15 or 16 years old and I

am sure had no credentials as a teacher. I know very little about this period, sorry to say, but she told me that Bill and Bob Roberts. uncles of Ade and Roy Shipley and great-uncle of Florence Irwin, wer to school to her.

My mother and father were married June 26, 1870, either in Round Valley or Bishop by the Rev. Andrew Clark, who was the first minister in Inyo County, and who officiated at my wedding 28 years later.

Part of the Gunter family had moved to Pleasant Valley after my mother came over. Pleasant Valley was named for a man named James Pleasant who was killed there in a battle with the Indians, and not for its former pleasant location as I had thought for many years. It is now the location of the Inyo Lumber Company's plant and one would never know that it was once a lovely little valley nestled like an oasis out there in the sand hills. It was watered by Little McGee Creek and was owned by my Grandfather Gunter and later by my Uncle John, who made it what it was--alfalfa fields, all kinds of grain, corn, meadow land, shade and fruit trees, just a comfortable and prosperous country home. John McGee married my mother's younger sister, Caroline, and they lived there many years, and sold it about the turn of the century to Mr. A. W. Longley, a wealthy man who improved the place greatly with modern buildings and imported fancy bred cattle.

The two McGee brothers and their families and the elder Gunters lived in the valley for several years, my father and mother spending the summers in Long Valley with the cattle.

One evening in September 1871, my father, mother with their baby daughter and my uncle Han Gunter were at their cabin in Long Valley when a knock came at the door. Upon opening it, they found the cabin surrounded by armed men who demanded permission to search the premises for escaped criminals. This was the first they knew of the prison break and escape of 29 convicts from the State Penitentiary at Carson City, Nevada, which occurred on September 17, 1871. Part of the convicts had left the main group and had headed south and the posse had tracked them to Long Valley before nightfall.

The folks had to fry steaks and make biscuits and coffee and feed the hungry men who bedded down on their saddle blankets for the night. At dawn, accompanied by my father and Uncle Han, they were off and picked up the trail which led up what was then called Mt. Diablo Creek, now known as Convict Creek.

They overtook the convicts a mile or so below the lake. The convicts were in the bottom of the canyon, the posse on the hillside making a good target. In the fight which followed, Robert Morrison, a merchant from Benton who had joined the posse, was killed, also an Indian named Mono Jim. The convicts escaped up the canyon and the posse gave up the chase. My father went back that evening and recovered Morrison's body. He was a young man and was to have been married in a short time. He was buried at Benton in his wedding suit, by the Masonic Fraternity. The rugged black mountain overlooking Convict Lake bears his name although attempts have been made to change it. A large pine tree in the canyon bore the marks of the bullets for many years.

On the night of March 25-26, 1872, my father and mother attended a dance at a ranch--I think where Mrs. Emma Reinhackle now lives. They had left the dance and were on their way home across the sandhills to Pleasant Valley on horseback. All at once their horses were thrown together and then apart, and this was repeated several times. When they came to the top of the last sand hill and could realize what was happening, it seemed as if pandemonium had broken loose. Horses in the field were running and neighing, cattle bellowing, dogs barking, chickens cackling. My grandfather was outside on his knees praying--everyone was outside. It was the great earthquake of March 27, 1872. No great damage was done at the ranch outside of the terror, as the ground wasn't quiet for several days. Many cracks opened up in the meadow and had to be fenced to keep the cattle from falling in.

My parents had two babies--girls born in 1871 and '73 and the John McGees had two girls about the same age. In December 1874 stark tragedy hit the two families who were living together at Pleasant Valley. Three of the four children were stricken by a mysterious illness and within 24 hours were dead--two of my sisters and one cousin --leaving them with one delicate little baby. The nearest doctor was at Independence, and the only means of communication was by horseback. A rider was sent for the doctor, with relays along the way, but the children were dead before he arrived. My two sisters were buried in one grave, the little cousins next to them in the Pioneer Cemetary in Bishop.

Two other children, a baby son of the I. P. Yaneys, and a daughter of the Rev. Andrew Clark's, died at the same time, presumably of the same disease, but they never knew what it was. I was born the next August, and was the only child in the families for the next seven years as the other baby died soon after the others. The John McGees moved to Mono Diggings at Dog Town near Bridgeport, where this baby died. They had no more children.

I was born in Bishop in August 1875, the next summer after the children died. I attended public schools in Round Valley, Bishop, and Fish Springs. I attended the Inyo Academy here and went before the Board of Education in 1893 and got my teacher's certificate. No other credentials were required at that time to be qualified to teach in the country schools but the larger schools had college and Normal graduates. I taught for a few years and was married in July 1898 to William P. Yaney, son of another pioneer family in the valley. We had two daughters - Mildred Elizabeth, born May 30, 1899, and Frances E. born August 7, 1901. Both graduated from Bishop Elementary and High Schools. Mildred graduated from a school for private secretaries in San Francisco and Frances is a graduate of the University of California at Berkeley. Mildred married Louis Garrigues in 1924. They have two sons and one daughter, all graduates of Bishop High School. George Louis entered the Navy upon graduation, where he served for two years during the World War II in Okinawa and Japan. He is now a senior at Stanford. The second son, David Yaney is a graduate of Sawyer Business College and is now associated with his father in the Pinon Book Store in Bishop. Elizabeth Frances, their daughter,

is a freshman at University of California in Berkeley. Frances taught school for a few years and then married Joseph K. MacIver, also a son of early settlers in the valley. They also live in Bishop and have two sons and one daughter, all graduates of Bishop High School. Douglas Yaney is a junior at the University of California at Berkeley, and William Joseph is a freshman there. Their daughter, Marguerite, is a freshman in Bishop Union High School.

A daughter of the Alney McGees, Beatrice, now Mrs. Clyde May of Carson City, Nevada, was born in Round Valley in November 1882. They had three children, Rhys of Mammoth Lakes, Beatrice Thorington, wife of C. R. Thorington, Sheriff of Mono County, living in Bridgeport, and Tom who died several years ago. Tom had one son, Tom, living in Carson City.

The only boy in the family, Percy, was born in Pleasant Valley in November 1885. He served in the Army in World War I in France and in the Army of Occupation in Coblentz, Germany, for about a year. Upon his return he was married to Miss Artie Harwell of Fort Worth, Texas. He passed away in 1947.

Another daughter, Sybil, was born in 1891. She married Lloyd Summers, son of Charles and Elizabeth Summers, who owned cattle and land in Inyo and Mono Counties, and the Mammoth Hotel at Mammoth. Sybil and Lloyd have three sons--Lee, owner of the Lake Mary Pack Outfit of Mammoth Lakes, served in World War II and was stationed in Alaska for some time. He has one son, Don; Verne, now District Attorney of Mono County was graduated from University of Southern California Law School, and was a Captain in the South Pacific sector in the recent war. He married Sybil Dewey of Bakersfield and they have two children, Laurel Kay and Lloyd Dewey. Their home is in Bridgeport. Dick is the youngest son and has just graduated from High School and is entering a vocational school in Los Angeles this fall.

Some time in the '80s John McGee was elected Sheriff of Inyo County, which position he filled for one term. My folks owned a ranch on the south side of Round Valley and it was here that I spent most of the first years of my life, riding five or six miles to school on horseback. At first, when I was about six years old, my folks had Nannie Sherwin, an aunt of our Dorothy Vellom, whose family lived in the north end of Round Valley, come and live with us and drive me to school. The next term I went on horseback. In those days no woman or girl, no matter how small, ever rode astride. So, little as I was, I was perched on my mother's side saddle and sent off. In the mornings I went with Jessie Parsons, a neighbor's daughter, and Nettie Olds, Ernest Bulpitt's mother, but in the afternoon I had to go home alone. This sometimes proved disastrous as my horse would shy and leave me sitting in the road. This happened once and my mother was frightened half to death when my horse came home riderless--but I was unhurt.

Bart McGee spent most of his younger life after the Indian War in Aurora, Bodie, and later in Lida and Cerro Gordo. He had a stage station on McGee Creek in Long Valley when Mammoth was booming,

spending at least one winter there. He was married in Nevada and had seven children. His widow is still living in Hawthorne, Nevada, with her oldest daughter. She is past 90. Her youngest son was killed this last summer in a mine accident. Three daughters are still living. Bart McGee was a man of great strength and courage. This story is told of him when he lived at Cerro Gordo in the rugged boom days in that mining town. He was captured by the bandit Chavez, who with his band of bandits were robbing stages and committing all kinds of crimes in the desert regions. Bart was riding a particularly fine horse which was taken away from him, together with all equipment as well as his gun and hat. Tying his hands together, they spent several hours arguing whether they should kill him or let him go. Finally they put him on a mule, tying his feet together under the animal, without saddle or bridle and turned him loose. Guiding the mule by slapping on the sides of its head, he made his way back to Cerro Gordo. Upon hearing his story, his friends equipped him with another horse and outfit and he started out alone. A few days later he returned. When asked what had happened, he gave the cryptic answer "I got my horse back". Chavez never molested that region again, but went into the Tehachapi country.

In the 1880's my folks bought a block of land in Bishop, now the location of Black's Machine Shop and the Western Truck Lines, and built a home there. This was their home until my father's death in 1916, at the age of 72. In 1890 he sold all his cattle and sheep and started to the gold rush in Alaska, still fired by the spirit of adventure. He got only as far as Seattle, where he was unable to get passage. The rest of his years were spent uneventfully as cattle foreman for C. B. Rawson, and later for T. B. Rickey, both large owners of land and cattle in Inyo and Mono Counties.

In spite of his harrowing experiences with the Indians as a boy, my father was friendly with them, although he never trusted them as to their honesty. They would carry off anything left lying around and think nothing of it and declare they had never seen the article if questioned.

The Indians took up the names of the families for whom they worked or lived near. A young Indian boy came to our family, evidently an orphan. They took him in and raised him as one of the family. He lived with us for many years and was known as Jake McGee. He helped with the cattle and sheep and was treated as an equal. He finally went back to the tribe and married a Benton Indian girl. Whenever he came to town if w e were here he would come and visit us. He died at Benton, not very many years ago.

Another Indian McGee family lived at Pleasant Valley and worked for Uncle John. Old "Biddie McGee" was his chief irrigator for years, and he preferred her to any man, as she never left any dry spots as the men would. She was a little wizened up old squaw with tarred face, and Indian basket hat on her head in cold weather and a man's straw hat in hot weather. With her skirts tucked up around her waist, barefoot and bare-legged from her knees down, she was really a comical

sight. She would not eat "big bread" as she called light or yeast bread, but had to have "bussicut" no matter how old or hard. In later years when she was suffering from rheumatism she consented to wear rubber boots, and was very proud of the first pair Uncle John got fo. her.

She had a son, Frank McGee, who was quite a character. He was an Indian doctor or medicine man, and performed all kinds of Indian rites over the sick. After an Indian girl, whom he had doctored, died the other Indians killed him--a legitimate deed according to old Indian customs. I think he was about the last medicine man to suffer this fate as the white man's laws took over Indian affairs about this time. Another relic of the McGee Indian family was Dee McGee, either a son or grandson of Frank's, who was in the police court a great deal for drunkenness and other offences--not a flattering record.

Late one fall my father, in company with another cattle man, John Laird, and an Indian went to Long Valley in search of any stray cattle that might be left behind. On Hilton Creek they encountered a severe snow storm. The snow was so blinding they could scarcely see their horse's ears. There were no fences or land marks and it was hard to keep their directions. Father put the Indian in the lead and followed with John Laird following him. Soon Mr. Laird began to argue that they were going wrong and insisted they bear to the right or left. Finally father said: "All right, John, go that way if you want to. I am staying with the Indian." Mr. Laird started his way, but in a few minutes father heard something behind him and there was Mr. Laird off his horse and tracking them through the snow. He had decided to stay with the Indian too, who took them straight to the cabin.

My Grandmother McGee lived with us many years, passing away at our home here in 1889 at the age of 89. I remember her as a little old lady with snapping black eyes, always wearing a little black lace cap. Being from the south, she smoked a corn cob pipe, which I used to light for her with a coal from the fire, and take a few puffs. Grandfather McGee died about the time I was born.

Bart Jr. married a Nevada girl and they had two boys and two girls. Whether these boys have any sons or not, I do not know. Otherwise, the name of this branch will die out, as my brother had no children.

In Round Valley, after my time, there were the Olds, (Ernest Bulpitt's grandparents) Thomas E. and John E. Jones, Thomas Williams, Richard Hilton, Charles Parsons, Charles E. Wildasinn, Henry Evans, and Frank Gunter families whom I recall, and the principal diversion was visiting around and having dances and picnics. On Sundays we would either go to some family's home and spend the whole day, or some family would come to our house. The David Olds built the two-story house which was occupied for years by the Laxague family and which recently burned. They had a large room upstairs which was used for dancing, and everyone would meet there with their baskets of food and dance from dark until dawn, with a big feed at midnight. Often some would stay for breakfast.

Occasionally a minister would come in and hold church services at the school house and all would turn out. On one of these occasions I recall there was a wedding preceding the services. The participants were Fred R. Brooks and Miss May Sherwin, Fred Brooks' parents. Of course the whole community attended this event.

Just after the new highway was completed over Sherwin Hill, my husband and I and our daughters and my mother were driving down the grade on our way to San Francisco. About half way down we were held up by a boulder which the workmen were removing. A big black car driven by a negro chauffeur stopped behind us and a portly gentleman came puffing up and said impatiently, "How do you like pioneering?" I thought, "Brother, my mother could tell you something about pioneering."

But the spirit of the old west still survives in the sons and daughters of the real pioneers.

Eva L. Yancey -

COOK FAMILY TREE .....by Idelle Gregory Sherwin

DAVID COOK.....MONTGOMERY MUIR

Married in Scotland, had three daughters, then sailed for America, joined a Wagon Train going West. David Cook was elected Captain of this Wagon train. It came across the Plains the year after the Mountain Meadow Massacre. The members of this train were held up in Utah for almost a year by the Mormons. It was at this time my mother, Catharine Cook was born.

They refused to become members of the Mormon Church, finally escaped and continued their journey to the West. Arriving in Nevada, David Cook and his family took up land for a ranch 3 miles from Carson City, and 2 miles from the little town of Empire. Neither place was much of a settlement at that time. Later the children walked to school in Empire. My mother and two younger sisters shared a set of books. Life was very different in those days. As soon as the girls were old enough, they went out to work at house work in homes that could afford a helper, and their wages were sent home. That was the custom in those days for both boys and girls. Young men kept their earnings when they got married.

The second daughter was the envy of all, for she went to work for Mrs. Bowers, of the famous Bowers' Mansion. She became quite a favorite of Mrs. Bowers and received many presents of clothes and trinkets. Mrs. Bowers was a good hearted woman and generous to those she liked.

The Cook family had now grown to eight children, six girls and two boys. They cultivated their place, and planted many trees and it became one of the beauty spots of the country. I belive it is now an Amusement Park as it passed out of the family.

David Cook died from an attack of erysipelas while only in middle age. The oldest son, James, was killed in a train accident coming home from Virginia where he worked in a mine.

The younger son, Walter, stayed on to help his mother run the ranch. She lived to the age of seventy two.

Names of Children:

Ellen Cook married John Smith, a successful rancher near Washoe, Nevada. They had three children - Ella who never married, but kept house for her father after her mother died; David Smith, who inherited the ranch when his father died; Violet Smith married _____ Sweet, and they have a large ranch.

Janie Cook married Joseph Sharpe, a miner in Gold Hill near Virginia City. They had three children - Ella who married

a Mr. Grob; Nettie who became a teacher - she was one of the early graduates of the then San Jose Normal School and died of pneumonia quite young; Willie Sharp the only son. After his father died the mother and son moved to Oakland.

Maryanne Cook married Frank Little. He was never a successful farmer and life was a struggle for them. There was one daughter Blanche. There were other children but I do not recal their names.

Walter Cook married Sarah Cruikshanks. They did not have any children. They inherited the home place, as was the custom in those days for the eldest son to inherit the home, especially if he had stayed home and built it up.

Catharine Cook married Nathan Hall Gregory who was a Guard at the State Prison at the time of their marriage. While they lived in Carson, two daughters were born - Mildred Montgomery Gregory and Idelle Gregory. When Idelle was about two years old they moved to Aurora and then to Bodie where Nathan Gregory kept the Toll Road which was built between Bodie and Hawthorne, the nearest Railroad Station. They took up land, using both Homestead and Desert claims. They named their homesite "Bodie Ranche". It was five miles from Bodie and seven miles from Aurora.

After Hank Blanchard, the owner, took over the Toll Road, Nathan Gregory and his wife kept a Station for the teamsters, hauling hay and grain from the ranches at Sweetwater, Smith and Mason Valleys into Bodie. They kept a Chinese cook for trade was good as Bodie was booming with population over 10,000.

Later they began to buy cattle as it was a fine summer range, but the cattle had to be taken to Mason Valley for the winter months.

Later when they gave up keeping a Station, they went into the dairy work and raising what hay they could which was always limited by the amount of water for irrigation. There was a ready sale to the Livery Stables in Bodie.

The family had increased by three more daughters - Christine, Laetitia and Catharine, and two sons - Nathan Cook Gregory and Spence Manloff Gregory. Nathan died at the age of three years and eight months of a form of typhoid.

The children attended school in Bodie, driving the five miles back and forth as long as the roads permitted, then when snow came and the roads were blocked, they had to study at home. Mildred was a real student, and held real classes with the younger sisters, then did her own studying. We never missed a grade at school but it was hard going.

Mildred acquired her certificate and began her teaching in Nevada at the age of sixteen. She was a dedicated teacher, and it became her life work. She took one term at Stockton Normal School.

Idelle started teaching in Nevada at the age of seventeen, taught two terms at Sweetwater, Nevada, then had one term at Stockton Normal School, then taught three terms in Inyo County, California.

Christine taught two terms at Aurora, Nevada, then Christine and Idelle pooled their savings, borrowed what more was needed, and bought from Mr. Townsend the Bodie Miner-Index. The last paper to be published in the dying town of Bodie. Christine had set type working for Mr. Townsend the summer before buying the paper. The sisters paid off their debt and had a very interesting year running the paper, then as young women will do, they fell in love, got married, and leased the paper.

Christine married Birkett E. Sherwin, an Engineer, who was Inyo County Surveyor for years. Idelle married James W. Sherwin, a Mining man, and expert in cyanide work and assaying.

Lettie attended Stockton Business College for a year, was Bookkeeper at a store in Bodie, then went to Bishop and there married Arthur E. Larson, a farmer.

Catharine attended High School in Bishop, then went to San Francisco where she took a course in Cosmotology, then a Business course. She married Lester Empey, was divorced, and then married Walter Arding. They moved from San Francisco to a small fruit and chicken ranch in San Jose.

Birkett and Christine Sherwin had four children - Marvin, who attended High School in Bishop, then University of California, then Law School of Jurisprudence at Berkely. He practiced Law, then was elected to the Legilature, was Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee for years, then was appointed a Superior Court Judge in Oakland by Gov. Warren and has been re-elected; Vernon, attended High School in Bishop, then graduated from Davenport Medical School of Chiropracters, and now practices in Pasadena. He served in the Navy during World War II; Bernice, who attended High School in Bishop, then University of California, majoring in Music, - she is married to Ernest E. Braucht, a leading lawyer in Merced; Stanley, attended High School in Bishop, then in Oakland, then the University of California, then while working in a Bank in Los Angeles he attended night school studying Law at the University of Loyola - he graduated from there but did not pass the Bar examination - he now works in the Mathematical Department at Lockhead Air Craft Plant in Burbank.